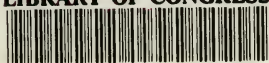


AMERICAN HEROES AND HEROINES



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CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES.

AMERICAN HEROES AND HEROINES

BY

PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVÉ

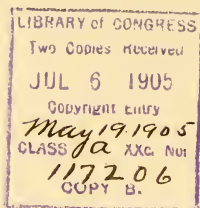
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AMERICAN HEROES AND HEROINES



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TO
DOCTOR EDWARD BRINLEY KELLOGG
THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED
WITH
THE GRATEFUL REGARD
OF
THE AUTHOR

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AMERICAN HEROES AND HEROINES

FATHER MARQUETTE

WITH the first day of summer, when the rose vines were hanging pink and crimson clusters of fragrant bloom along the old, gray and war-scarred walls of Laon, there came a little, new life into the household of Nicolas Marquette, one of the wealthiest and most powerful gentlemen of the old fortress town. This little life was destined to become a power in the world, for the new-born child in the Château Marquette, that first day of June in the year of our Lord 1637, was James Marquette, who grew up to be the famous mission priest to the American Indians, and the discoverer of the great Mississippi River.

This old town—now the capital of the Department of Aisne in France—was a place of importance hundreds of years ago. Here the Romans, when they conquered Gaul, as France was then called, found a band of shepherds who wore clothing made of sheepskin, and who lived peacefully on the rocky heights of Laon. Remains of very ancient

buildings may be seen here to-day—buildings the foundations of which were laid fifteen centuries ago. As the years passed, the abode of the shepherds changed in character and appearance. The bleating of lambs and the jingle of the sheep bell were silenced by the sound of the mason's mallet and the builder's ax, for the early Frankish kings soon made a stronghold on the crest of the hill where the shepherds had tended their flocks, and, upon the strong Rock of Laon, founded the "Castle of Laon." Many times in the history of France was Laon besieged, but rarely was it taken. John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, stormed and took it in 1411. In 1419 the English took it, but were driven out in 1429. One hundred and sixty-three years afterward, under Henry IV—in 1594—the fortress was taken by siege. Napoleon Bonaparte was defeated beneath its stone walls by Blucher in 1814, and in 1870 it capitulated to the Germans in what was called the Franco-Prussian war.

So we see that the old fortress town in which little James Marquette was born had been the scene of many a fierce and bloody conflict. But it had an interesting religious as well as military history. The Christian faith supplanted the myths of the savage Franks here in the third century, and to the rocky castle came the pious Saint Remy, the "Apos-

tle to the Franks," in 515. The seeds of the Christian religion which he planted must have taken deep root in the rocky soil, for in the thirteenth century the Roman Church built a great cathedral at Laon, which is one of the first specimens of Gothic architecture in France to-day. Eighty-seven bishops have ruled over the diocese of Laon since those early days, and three Popes, one of whom was the famous Urban IV, came from the ancient gray-walled city.

These things are interesting to know, because they had an influence on the life of the child whose early years were spent among surroundings that were full of the traditions of war and religion. Strange as it seems, these two things were very closely allied to each other a few hundred years ago.

On his father's side the boy was descended from a family which had always been on the side of the King in any quarrel that arose between the people and royalty, and which was allied by marriage to the nobility. On his mother's side he came down from the good Jean Baptiste de la Salle, the founder of the order of Brothers of Christian Schools, which gave free instruction to thousands of poor boys in France. So in the child's blood there were two strains—the highborn courage of the soldier and the patient endurance of the saint.

One can imagine how the stories of his ancestors, who had fought and died for the King, and the tales of the pious Saint Remy, who had made Christians of the savage Frankish warriors, filled the imagination of the little boy as he plucked the roses from the crumbling walls of the ancient defense or sat among the dim shadows of the vaulted cathedral listening to the chant of priest and choir.

A strong desire to enter the religious life began to stir the heart and mind of the dreamy boy, and soon after his seventeenth birthday, October 8th, 1654, he entered the Jesuit College at Havre as a novice. He was a student also at Pont-a-Mousson, and at both seats of learning he was distinguished for his scholarship and gentleness.

The Jesuit priests of France had reached Canada nearly ten years (1611) before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and their object was to bring Christianity to the American Indians. Accounts of their work were sent to France by the priests in letters or documents called "relations," and these had filled the young priest of Laon with a desire to carry the story of Christ to the savages of the Western world.

In the year 1666, when he was just twenty-nine years old, the youthful "father" received the joyful tidings that he had been ordered to go to "New France," as Canada was then called. On the 20th

of September of the same year he set sail for Quebec. In 1666 Quebec was not much of a city. It consisted of the "Castle" upon the cliff, the Governor's house, the college of the Jesuits, the little convent of the Ursuline nuns, the church, and, at the foot of the bluffs, a few fur traders' huts. The life in this settlement must have seemed strange to the young enthusiast, but he was not there long, for in a short while he was ordered to join Father Druillettes at Three Rivers, a mission on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence River, and about twenty-seven miles from Quebec. Here he labored faithfully and cheerfully, acquiring a wonderful knowledge of the different dialects spoken by the various Indian tribes among whom he worked. The Jesuit authorities were not slow to see that the newcomer was specially fitted by nature for the service he had undertaken, for he was brave and gentle and wise, so in two years after going to Three Rivers he was sent to the farthest outpost of New France, that wide waste of unexplored wilderness known as the "land of the Ottawas."

This was the first step toward that long and perilous journey that afterwards made the names of Father Marquette and his brave companion, Louis Joliet, historic, and established for France the claim of having discovered the Mississippi River.

Although De Soto, the Spaniard, had discovered this great river nearly a century and a half before Father Marquette began to preach the gospel to the Indians of the Lake region, the discovery had been of little use. Nobody knew much about it, but roving tribes of natives brought wonderful stories of the great river sometimes, and the fur-traders sitting around their campfires at night often talked about the "mysterious lost sea," along whose shores, they believed, lay a wealth of forest and plain, teeming with flocks and herds and mines of precious metals.

Among these traders and adventurers there was one man upon whom these tales made a deep impression. This was Louis Joliet, the son of a wagonmaker who was in the employment of the great fur-trading company which at that time controlled New France.

When James Marquette was a little boy of eight years old, playing about the walls of Laon, Louis Joliet, the wagonmaker's son, was born at the fort of the Rock of Quebec. This happened in the year 1648. These two children, the one an aristocrat in one of France's oldest and most historic cities, the other the son of a laborer in the wilds of America, were destined to have their lives and fates forever linked together in the history of a great nation.

Louis Joliet studied for the priesthood (which he afterwards abandoned), and it was as a clerk in the Jesuit College in Quebec that he became known to Père Marquette, the Jesuit missionary. As unlike as the two were, they were alike in possessing remarkable courage. The ambitious young agent for the fur-trading company was bent upon building up a name and fortune and was eager to undertake any adventure that might lead to fame or wealth. The poetic young priest was eager to carry what was to him the true faith to the wild nations, willing and even anxious to suffer death in so glorious a cause. Count Frontenac, the governor of New France, had learned too, of the wonderful sea that was supposed to flow through Virginia, and he also was eager to rediscover it and to claim its shores for France. Now the Jesuit priests were not always popular with the Indians. Indeed, the missionary required more tact, more wisdom, more patience, than the colonist. Father Marquette's extensive knowledge of the various dialects, and the fact that he was greatly loved by those Indians among whom he lived and taught, made it plain to the authorities of State and Church that he was the man to be sent out on the quest of the "Southern Sea," for such a perilous journey meant constant intercourse with strange and unfriendly tribes.

For years the young priest had hoped that he might be sent out among these heathen people, and it had been his prayer that he might die alone in the wilderness, giving his life for the cause of Christ.

In the twentieth century this may appear strange, but in the seventeenth century men of all conditions were more willing to take risks than they are to-day, and those of the religious orders of Catholic France burned with a desire to suffer for their faith.

Father Marquette, or the "Black Gown," as the Indians called him, was very happy when he received orders to go with Joliet on the mysterious journey. At the mission of St. Ignace in Michigan, where he had worked with good Father Druillettes, the "Black Gown" was very sincerely loved. The mission was situated on the Michilimackinac, now called Mackinac. Lake Michigan flows through the Mackinac Straits to join Lake Huron, and is increased forty miles eastward by the waters of Lake Superior. The Indians thought that the island of Mackinac was a piece of floating land, sometimes near and sometimes far away. This was the effect of the mists that hung, sometimes heavily, sometimes lightly, and sometimes were entirely lifted from the beautiful island.

On the 17th of May, 1673, Father Marquette

and Louis Joliet, together with the "donnés," or serving-men, and Indians, set out from Point St. Ignace to find the lost Mississippi.

The story of that journey down the Wisconsin River until the broad bosom of the "Father of Waters" was reached is a story of adventurous daring rarely surpassed in the world's history.

Standing in the prow of the birch-bark canoe, in which the hazardous way was to be made, the "pale-faced priest and prophet," with his hand uplifted in benediction, bade farewell to the priests and to the dusky children of the forest, bidding them abide in the faith and telling them that he was ready "to do and to suffer all" that they and their brothers might become the children of the Cross. Then, as stern-faced Joliet in his hunter's garb drew his beaver over his brows, the Indians and "donnés" shoved the frail barks off into the water, and the little band of explorers glided out upon the waves and soon vanished from the view of the watchers who stood upon the sandy beach of St. Ignace.

For days the splash of the oars was the only sound that broke the stillness, save the whirl of birds in the dense forests that bordered the pathway the fragile boats followed, the cries of the wild woodland creatures, the sighing of the winds and the lapping of the waves.

Their provision, consisting mainly of dried meats and maize bread, was neither large in quantity nor nourishing in quality, but when the explorers chose to beach their canoes and take a short rest there were always birds and fish enough to provide delicious suppers and breakfasts, so the question of food was easily settled by fishing tackle or a sharpened arrow.

But there were perils ahead of the travelers. As they proceeded farther, tribes of savages sometimes attacked them, and not always did the uplifted cross in the hands of Father Marquette insure safety, though several times the good priest found that the symbol was understood. As their water route lay through the wide plains of the West, herds of buffaloes thundered across the long levels, astonishing and, perhaps, terrifying the white men who had never seen the strange creatures before. Down between wide plains, shadowy forests and marshes of wild rice the little boats passed onward, until one month from the day of their departure they rocked on the waves of the broad Mississippi.

They had traveled a thousand miles through a strange land, and after much weariness and many dangers had reached their goal! And along the way Father Marquette had planted the Cross and sown the seeds of the Christian faith. The Arkan-

sas and the Illinois tribes had welcomed the "Black Gown" and asked him to remain with them, but Father Marquette thought it best to return to New France with the tidings of his discovery, and so after a short sojourn set the prows of his canoes homeward.

It was autumn now, and as they journeyed northward the exposure and fatigues of the journey began to tell upon the delicate constitution of the priestly commander, and they, the faithful "donnés," saw that their beloved leader was unable to continue the voyage.

Joliet was instructed to push forward and carry his papers and maps to Quebec. These papers were lost, however, by the upsetting of his boat. Father Marquette and his faithful followers took shelter along the coast. Here his illness increased, and it became evident that his end was near. A "coureur de bois," a sort of trapper in the neighborhood of the miserable hut where the sick man lay, brought him food from time to time through the winter, and when spring came he seemed to improve, and resumed his journey. After a few days, however, he began to sink rapidly, and pointing to the shore asked to be taken to a certain spot. The place he indicated was where the city of Ludington, Michigan, now stands. Here, alone in the solitude

of the American forests, as he had wished might happen, he died on the 18th day of May, 1675. In a rude box of birch bark the Indians for whom he had given his life and who had learned to love him bore his body back to St. Ignace, where with many solemn ceremonies it was buried in the vault of the church. In 1700 the Church of St. Ignace was burned, and the last resting place of the hero-priest was lost sight of until the year 1877, when the bones were discovered by Father Jacker.

The re-discovery of the Mississippi River and the opening of the great Mississippi Basin to trade and commerce was one of the most remarkable achievements of the early settlers on American soil. But perhaps the most wonderful part of that great and beneficial service was, that the man who led the exploration was guided not by motives of ambition or avarice, but by the love of God and the love of the human race.

Born a Frenchman, Father Marquette, the hero-priest, by virtue of what he achieved in his ministry and his martyrdom on American soil, won for himself the enduring title of "an American Hero."

'ANNE HUTCHINSON

IN the year 1634 a group of wooden houses composed the little settlement that was destined to become the greatest city in New England. Crooked lanes intersected this rude village, which at that time boasted of only one brick dwelling, and the public pasture near by, where the flocks and cattle were gathered, was white with the tents of pilgrims who had not yet made for themselves more substantial habitations. That handful of houses, the town of Boston, and the tented pasture with its tethered kine, became in due time the historic Boston Common, which was the stage of some dramatic and some tragic scenes in the early days of the city's history.

When the ship *Griffin* arrived in the port of Boston on the 18th day of September, 1634, the band of Puritan settlers who set forth from the embryo town to meet and welcome the newcomers would have been very much distressed and astonished if they had known that there was one among that ship's company who was to bring great trouble to the feeble colony, and a still greater calamity upon herself.

As the lithe, graceful figure of Anne Hutchinson traversed the gangplank of the *Griffin*, and stepped upon the New England shore, that gift of prophecy which she claimed was given to her by God must have unfolded to her dark eyes a terrible vision. Tradition tells us that as she looked upon the thatch-roofed houses of "Boston Town," the tears gathered in her eyes, and, indeed, the appearance of the settlement must have been anything but cheerful.

Sober-looking men with steeple crowned hats on their close cropped heads stalked about the streets, or lanes, rather, talking together in harsh voices and in accents of genuine religious fervor or the vernacular of strained, affected piety. Women in their quaint bodices and kerchiefs stood in the doorways to watch the passing of the strangers; children with unchildlike earnestness in their young faces peered from the windows or from behind their mothers' skirts. The shadows of dangers passed or of perils yet to come hung over the place and the people, and the spiritual vision of the imaginative, sensitive, strongly intellectual woman who had come so far for her faith's sake must have felt the gloom of these shadows.

The boys and girls who laugh and chatter as they walk through Boston Common or along the

crowded thoroughfares of the city to-day can scarcely imagine the scene that September day more than two hundred and fifty years ago, or if they could, they would be very, very thankful that the severity of Puritan doctrine and the cruelty of Puritan practice have passed from the earth; for the young people had but a dull time of it in those days, and it is a good thing, on the whole, that the strict old customs are as dead as those that lie in their ancient grave-vaults along one of the paved paths of the Common, so close to the din of traffic and the restless, hurrying throngs of the living.

But among those who welcomed Mistress Anne there were some of a spirit kindred to her own. Young Harry Vane, the youthful Governor of the Colony, whose twenty-four years of life could scarcely have fitted him for so important a position, and of whom the stern old Winthrop was jealous, was there, perhaps, his boyish, handsome face full of eagerness, for the young Governor was the son of an English noble of high estate, and glad, no doubt, to see a gentlewoman from his native shore. Mistress Anne, too, very likely recognized in the young man one over whom her influence would be strong.

Anne Hutchinson was born at Alford, in Lincolnshire, and not far from Boston, England, on

the 20th of July, 1591, so that she must have been forty-three years old when she came to Boston, though her comely figure, attractive face and engaging manners gave her a much more youthful appearance.

Her father, who came of a good family, and who was a clergyman, being "presented to the Rectory of St. Margaret, in the city of London, October 28, 1605." Her mother was a great-aunt of the poet Dryden, and was also related to the famous English writer, Jonathan Swift, so she was descended by both sides from gentle and arms-bearing families. Her marriage with William Hutchinson was the result of a pure and disinterested love, for her husband had no right to heraldic devices, though two of his ancestors were mayors of Lincoln, and he possessed what was of more real value, a good character and a meek and amiable disposition—a lucky thing for him, one may infer, considering his wife's strong and dominant will.

Things might have gone well for Mistress Hutchinson had she not fallen into some heated disputes with one of her fellow voyagers on board the *Griffin*, on certain religious subjects, upon which both felt very strongly, and which resulted in her adversary—the Reverend Mr. Symmes—feeling a deep and bitter hatred toward her. No sooner had

they landed than he took occasion to denounce her as a "heretic and prophetess," two dangerous accusations in those days.

Regardless of her "reverend" foe, she immediately began to teach her new, strange doctrines to those about her, and almost all of Puritan Boston fell under the spell of her eloquence and her magnetic charm. The women flocked to her house to hear her read from the Scriptures and explain texts, and, it must be admitted, criticise the preachers, for this powerful woman was not afraid to express her opinion with dangerous candor. Boston was really at that period under a religious despotism. Nobody who was not a church member could vote in the General Court. No believer in a different creed could become a citizen of Massachusetts Bay. The Boston Puritans talked about the "Church" just as much as the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, whom they hated and from whose power they had fled.

The aristocratic, daring young Vane had to say "I confess myself an obedient son of the Church," and the stern, unbending Winthrop, when he got himself in hot water with the ministry of that Church, found it prudent and wise to confess his sins and promise to amend them.

These people who came to Massachusetts Bay to

enjoy religious freedom soon forgot that other people came too for the same purpose, and they became in turn as masterful over the people as any of the prelates from whose authority they had escaped.

Henry Vane, like the rest of them, soon became a convert to Anne Hutchinson's doctrines, and her firm friend. Winthrop, who had been deposed from the Governorship in favor of the handsome young aristocrat, was watching the affairs of Church and State in the weak young colony with anxious eyes. He was a man of understanding and a gentleman of breeding, but there was one point upon which he was unreasonable, and that was religion. He saw young Vane, his successful and popular rival, falling under the influence of this Anne Hutchinson, who, though her life was pure, her deeds of charity and kindness broadcast, and her manner sober, was the bearer of a strange, new, and to his mind, dangerous, message to the people.

Looking back upon these times it seems strange that the early Puritan settlers, beset as they were with bodily dangers and physical hardships, should have spent so much of their time in splitting hairs upon theological points. Truly, it would have been wiser to have directed more of their energies to practical advancement and progress, but they

had suffered for their religion, and their suffering had made them hard to themselves and hard to others. Winthrop and Symmes and the rest of them thought, quite sincerely too, no doubt, that the only thing to do was to crush the heresy of Anne Hutchinson, which could not be done without crushing her.

It is curious that, at a time when women held such an inferior position in the intellectual world, heads of councils of state and hoary-headed ministers should have allowed themselves to be involved in a controversy in which their chief adversary was a woman. Mistress Anne Hutchinson taught that the Gospel of Christ had superseded the law of Moses; that no matter what sin overtook one who had received the gift of the "Grace of Love" in his heart, he was still one of the elect; that the spirit of the Holy Ghost dwells in a "justified person," and other things that nobody understands and nobody is foolish enough to bother about in these days. But in 1634 Mistress Hutchinson and her followers and the ministers of the Boston Church wrangled over these confusing and unnecessary doctrines until it is very likely they themselves became very much mixed up. The clergy insisted upon what they called "Works of the Covenant," while Mistress Anne told her followers

they must trust only to what she called "Works of Grace," so the two factions became embroiled in what historians call the Antinomian Controversy, each side forgetting that "all the law and the prophets hang upon the two great commandments to 'Love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself.'" There was very little love, however, between the "Church" members and the "Hutchinsonians," who hated each other as sincerely as possible, one may readily believe.

"Antinomianism" means "opposed to the law," and Winthrop and Endicott and the rest of the fathers considered it a very dangerous heresy. Well, the end of it was that Mistress Anne was finally brought to trial for her teachings, a thing she could scarcely have failed to expect, for though she was a gentle and patient nurse to the sick, a faithful wife and mother and a godly woman, still she was transgressing her rights in openly setting up a new creed among the people with whom she had chosen to dwell. Among the ministry there were two of whom she fully approved, the Reverend Mr. Cotton and Joseph Wheelwright, her brother-in-law, but the preaching and teachings of all the others she roundly condemned, which naturally made these narrow-minded spiritual masters her mortal enemies.

On the 3d of August, 1637, Henry Vane sailed

for England, and Mistress Hutchinson lost her most fearless champion. In the same year the Reverend John Cotton, who had appeared to share Anne Hutchinson's opinions to some extent, changed his course, and the way was gradually prepared for her accusation and trial.

This trial was before the Court of Massachusetts at Cambridge, November, 1637, and, to quote from Jared Sparks, "it will be allowed by most readers to have been one of the most shameful proceedings recorded in the annals of Protestantism."

Yet some of the prosecutors were doing what they thought their duty, no doubt, on that memorable day in Cambridge, when Puritan prejudice held its famous inquisition over the brave Anne Hutchinson. The scene must have been an impressive one. The dignified Governor Winthrop, now back in his judicial place, since young Harry Vane was gone over the seas, sat grave, stern, courteous, but already convinced of the culprit's guilt. Endicott, who, as Hawthorne says, "would stand with his drawn sword at the gate of Heaven, and resist to the death all pilgrims thither, except they traveled his own path"; Bradstreet, Newell, Stoughton, and Wilde, her judges and her enemies. As the biting north wind swept in cold gusts through the bare room in which the assemblage sat on that November

day, the defenseless woman who stood there in its midst must have felt that the cold gale that blew from the gloomy wilderness and the desolate shore was not more chilling than the hearts of the judges.

She was ill and faint, but she was allowed neither food nor a seat during that long, exhausting day, until she fell to the floor from weakness, while first one and then another of them plied her with questions. And as Anne Hutchinson answered these questions clearly and sensibly, quoting passages from the Scriptures to prove that she had done nothing unlawful, nothing worthy of condemnation, perhaps she may have felt, even amid enemies and with no helping hand stretched out toward her, a thrill of pride in her heart; for she, a woman, without the influence of wealth or station, was pitting her intellect against that of the wisest men in the Colony. Church and State were arrayed against her, and she made a brave and logical defense before both. No matter what the issue should be, the fact of her trial was an acknowledgment of her power and her influence—a power and an influence never before or since equalled in this country.

Of an intensely spiritual nature and of rare elevation of purpose, Anne Hutchinson stood that day for the principle of liberty of speech and

thought, and the seed planted two hundred and sixty-seven years ago, though nourished by blood, has grown into the glorious flower of religious and intellectual freedom. There is little doubt that her opinions were heretical, possibly dangerous, and that she showed but little wisdom in endangering her personal safety for the sake of vague theories and doctrines, but it must be remembered that in those days, strange as it now seems, what people *believed* about God or religion was of much more importance than what they *did*, or how they behaved.

Here in the New World wilderness, with the Pequot Indians ready to make war on the settlers, with want and hardship knocking at their doors, the Colonists were waging war among themselves about what they called the "Covenant of Works" and the "Covenant of Grace," and all sorts of questions that had nothing whatever to do with planting crops, or building houses or establishing good government.

After questioning and cross-questioning, during which the accused woman bore herself with dignity and showed the "bold spirit and ready wit" so cordially disliked by the elders, Anne Hutchinson spoke of "revelation," and of her sure faith that she would be saved from all danger, which was nothing

more than the expression of a highly sensitive and over-wrought mind under a great mental and physical strain. But the Governor and judges saw in all she said an evidence of depravity, and her sentence, as pronounced in the Court, stands upon the records of Massachusetts in these words: "Mrs. Hutchinson, wife of Mr. William Hutchinson, being convicted for traducing the ministers and their ministry in the country, she declared voluntarily her revelation that she should be delivered and the Court ruined with their posterity, and therefor was banished, and in the meanwhile was committed to Mr. Joseph Wilde, of Roxbury, until the Court shall dispose of her."

At the conclusion of the trial, when she heard the verdict of banishment, Anne Hutchinson rose and turning to Winthrop said boldly:

"I desire to know wherefore I am banished?" and he replied with high-handed superciliousness:

"Say no more; the Court knows wherefore, and is satisfied." This question and reply are an epitome of the former's daring and the judge's lack of justice.

Joseph Wilde was the brother of the Wilde who had been her bitterest enemy, and who had called her the "American Jezebel," so she had little to expect in the way of consideration and comfort

until the "Court should dispose of her." But the banished woman had followers, and the Court found it expedient to issue an order that all "those whose names are underwritten shall upon warning, given or left at their dwelling-houses, deliver . . . all such guns, pistols, swords, powder, shot, and matches, as they shall be owners of, or have in their custody, upon pain of ten pounds for every default to be made thereof."

This shows that the magistrates feared violence from those who believed like Mistress Hutchinson, and who loved and revered their teacher.

Though in delicate health and full of sorrow, Mrs. Hutchinson, prisoner, was not let alone during her stay at Roxbury. Two more "examinations" were held, in which she admitted that she might have been in error upon some points, and expressed sorrow for having at any time censured the ministers, but holding fast to certain points of her theology.

With a harshness that seems incredible her accusers now sentenced her as a "liar," and she was "excommunicated" from the Boston Church. The Reverend Mr. Cotton, who had once been her friend and ally, admonished her for her grievous sins, and two or three days afterward she was ordered to leave Massachusetts by the end of March.

On the 28th of that month Anne Hutchinson set forth upon her journey to Aquidneck, Rhode Island, where she hoped to commune with God and her fellow beings according to the dictates of her conscience. Many Bostonians followed her, and amid the forests of the Rhode Island shores she found for a little while a peaceful life with her husband, her children, her friends, and the brave, wise Roger Williams, who was one of the first to teach that men should be free to worship God according to their various creeds.

But even here she who had been driven forth and bidden to trouble no more the land of the Massachusetts Bay Colonists was not safe from her old persecutors, who still feared that a new and dangerous sect might arise in their neighborhood, and who sent zealous ones to once more snatch the brand from the burning. Many of these visitors continued their examinations, and admonitions, and spiritual advice. Mrs. Hutchinson, whose husband had died, determined to go with her family into the Dutch colony of the New Netherlands, where the magistrates did not care quite so much about what the colonists believed.

She chose a bad time, however, for Governor Kieft, the Dutch Governor, had by cruel treatment aroused the Indians to a sullen resentment, and not

long after the arrival of Anne Hutchinson and her little colony savage hostilities broke out.

Anne Hutchinson had planted her settlement in the solitude of what is now called New Rochelle. Here in her rude cottage she was far from human aid; but she trusted alone to Divine protection now; among men she had met with nothing but injustice and persecution. A stream in the vicinity where her cottage stood still bears the name of Hutchinson's river, and we may imagine how as the evening shades closed in upon them, the settlers would gather around their leader, who read from the Scriptures and exhorted them to continue fast in the faith she had delivered to them. As the candle-light shone and flickered on her strong face, with its lines of struggle and of sorrow, and the deep, dark eyes were uplifted in a passionate appeal for strength and patience, she seemed to the band of men and women who had followed her to this remote spot divinely inspired. Far from the molestations of their English brethren, but surrounded by dangers from the natives, and not near enough to claim the protection of the tolerant New Netherlanders. in whose colony they had settled, the life of the Hutchinson Colony was set amid hidden perils.

But Anne Hutchinson, the banished exile, the

excommunicated teacher of new doctrines, was as little afraid of the wilderness and the Indians as she had been of the power of the Massachusetts Court and the Boston Church.

The country lying between Connecticut and the New Netherlands, now New York, was almost unexplored at this time (1642). No towns or villages dotted the desolate strip of land that bordered Long Island Sound. Governor Kieft's massacres had aroused the fury of the wild tribes with whom wise old Peter Stuyvesant had established friendly relations. Suddenly, when the New Netherlanders were unprepared and unsuspecting, an army of fifteen hundred swarthy warriors swept over Long Island, killing, burning, torturing all the settlers on Manhattan Island, carrying their savage warfare to the very gates of the fort at the Battery. Fire and blood marked their terrible progress, terror spread over Manhattan, and it seemed as if the natives had wrested from the white intruders their old dominion.

Far out across the Harlem River, in the solitude of what is now called Pelham, Anne Hutchinson's weak settlement of sixteen souls was at the mercy of the merciless Indians. The chief who had owned the land of this section according to tribal laws, had sent an Indian who professed the utmost friendli-

ness to the New England settlers, to find out the strength or weakness of the colony. According to the custom, no doubt, of the head of the Colony, the messenger was treated with the hospitality and kindness that was a part of Anne Hutchinson's religion to show to the "stranger" who should come "within her gates." But the Indian spy was the messenger of death, for that night the colony was attacked and every one of that ill-fated settlement perished by club or tomahawk. Anne Hutchinson and all her children with one exception perished in the flames of her cottage, the cries of the massacred mingling in her dying ears with the savage cries of the fiendish murderers. The little girl of eight years, who escaped, was sent back by the Dutch to New England, where to-day many of her descendants live.

It was the custom of the Indians to take the name of the persons they had killed, and Wampage proudly called himself "Anne's Hoeck" after the massacre, which is ground for the belief that the great chief himself was her murderer. A neck of land at Pelham, New York, bears to this day the name of "Anne's Hoeck" or "Anne's Hook."

The brave woman's death was the end of the theological tragedy of early Boston, but it was the beginning of that religious freedom we have to-day.

Mistaken as she undoubtedly was in her methods, and extreme as she was in her beliefs, her methods were in no wise unlawful and her beliefs were sincere, and many of them beautiful. Over two centuries and a half have passed since the martyr of religious intolerance turned for protection to the kindly Dutch, two centuries and a half have passed since she "sealed her faith with her blood" under the cruel hand of Wampage; yet to-day it is her judges that are judged and stand condemned by the decree of their posterity.

There is little known about this remarkable woman's daily home life. No anecdotes have drifted down concerning her. Before she had reached the threshold of her new home in Boston her persecution had begun, for Symmes had already warned the magistrates against her.

The story of her life is full of a deep meaning. It shows that violence and cruelty are the traits of inferior intellects, and that those who are pure in heart and steadfast in purpose are really the ruling spirits of the world, even though they die in upholding their principles.

The names of Symmes, Houghton, Sewell, and Winthrop, and the weak Cotton, lie under a cloud of infamy risen from the cruel trial and unjust condemnation of a pure-hearted, dauntless-spirited

woman, who was driven forth from their borders and sent to her death by their persecution. The name of the persecuted exile lives to-day in history as that of Anne Hutchinson, the heroine and the martyr of the earliest struggle for intellectual and religious freedom in the American colonies.

SIR WILLIAM PEPPERELL

EARLY in the seventeenth century there was living in Ravistock parish in the county of Plymouth, in Wales, a young fisherman, who in his boyhood had been apprenticed to the captain of a fishing schooner that plied between the Welsh coast and the far-off fishing banks of Newfoundland and New England in America. This young fisherman, whose name was William Pepperell, completed his term of service as apprentice at twenty-two years of age, and determined to emigrate to the New England settlement on the coast called the Isles of Shoals. No doubt, young William had been in this region when apprenticed to the Welsh captain, and the safe harborage for small vessels when the winter storms were prevalent, as well as the abundance of the dunfish (a very superior variety of cod, and greatly valued by epicures), attracted him to this remote group of bleak little islands where the winds and waves made melancholy moan through the long, bitter New England winters, and where the Newichewannocks were ever likely to swoop down with whoop and tomahawk if affairs did not go according to their liking.

Here William Pepperell, the Welsh fisherman, took up his abode, however, with a man by the name of Gibbons, from Topsham, England, and invested his earnings in some fishing boats which were let out on shares, the two young men staying ashore to look after the curing of the fish and to attend to the sale of them to merchants for southern and European markets.

William Pepperell used often to sail across to Kittery Point, where he bought the necessary domestic supplies, and where he could buy new boats or repair damaged ones at the dock of John Bray, the shipwright, who was doing a tidy business and had already become a large landowner. It was at the shipwright's house that the island fisherman first saw and loved Margery Bray, a lassie of seventeen summers, who was not proof against the young Welshman's love-making, despite that it was made in broad Welsh and that the shipwright himself desired some further guarantee of his daughter's comfortable support than William Pepperell was yet ready to give. Margery was faithful, however, and the young Welshman was successful, and when his first vessel set sail for a foreign port John Bray consented to the marriage, and they were wedded. The young couple took up their residence at Kittery Point at this time, Mr. Bray

presenting his son-in-law with the tract of land on which the afterwards famous Pepperell Mansion was built. Here in this house was born to William and Margery (Bray) Pepperell, on the 27th of June in the year 1696, a son who was called William, and whose birthday was to become an historic date in New England annals.

As little William Pepperell grew in years and in physical proportions, his father was growing in wealth and importance in the neighborhood. His fishing fleet had increased to a very great extent. Hundreds of workmen were engaged in building the vessels that carried the lumber of his forests to the distant marts of London, and also in building vessels for foreign merchants, who found they could supply themselves with sea craft from the docks of the Piscataqua at a very much lower price than elsewhere. A flourishing trade had been established with the West Indies, from which ports cargoes of sugar, coffee and molasses were brought back in exchange for the lumber, lamp oil, codfish and furs with which they were laden on the Piscataqua banks.

With the accumulation of wealth came military and civic honors. Pepperell Fort or Castle, as it was called, was a stronghold from which William Pepperell, the richest merchant in New England, wielded as captain of the militia, and later, as lieu-

tenant-colonel, military authority. As Justice of the Peace and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, the Welsh fisherman-merchant became an influence widely felt throughout the province. Young William in early boyhood learned the use of a firelock and something of military service, for the garrison and fort had to be constantly in readiness to offer stout resistance to the fierce and sudden attacks made by the Indians, who at the time of the child's birth were at war with the whites, and who for years afterwards kept up savage and intermittent hostilities. While learning how to read and write and cipher from the village schoolmaster, he was also learning something of military discipline from his father, for one of his duties was standing guard at the fort when he was only fourteen or fifteen years old. Besides attending the village school he had a private tutor, who taught him the art of surveying land, a very necessary accomplishment when one remembers that his father's estate covered an area of one hundred thousand acres; the art of navigating a ship, and a considerable amount of geography, both of which branches of knowledge were befitting the son and heir of a wealthy ship merchant who had many cargoes upon many seas. His handwriting was not only legible, but beautiful, and the few bits of manuscript that have escaped

the ravages of time and unscrupulous antiquaries show that if the rudiments of grammar had been neglected, exercises with the goose quill had been a stern requirement. For, from the dates, one finds little William at ten years old copying his father's letters, keeping his accounts, and actually helping to write the Justice's docket. At an unusually early age he became clerk in his father's store, and was brought into daily contact with the principal settlers on the bank of the Piscataqua, for everybody traded with Pepperell, and so the boy learned all about trading and financiering, and, what was of greater value, how to read the minds and characters of the men about him—perhaps the most necessary part of a business man's education.

In our own times a lad scarcely would be intrusted with even the smallest details of a large foreign and domestic trade, and indeed it was a most unusual case even in the old colonial days, when the forms of both business and social life were both simple and direct; but the two Pepperells, father and son, were extraordinary types of mind and character.

While the boy was acquiring a knowledge of the details of commerce, he was also living in an atmosphere that fostered in him military ambition and heroic desires. One can easily imagine with what eager pride he watched the military parades of his

father's company; how his heart thrilled at the boom of the cannon at the fort, and at Great Island; how he dreamed of one day avenging the murdered victims and captives that had fallen prey to the cruelties of lurking savages almost within a stone's throw of his home; how his boyish soul was filled with a desire to do battle for the weak and helpless against the strong and cruel, and how he longed to be old enough to wear the scarlet coat of the King's soldiers and march away under the King's banner, conquering and to conquer. And all this was natural in those times when the ministers preached with sentinels posted all about the meeting-house doors and the worshipers inside knelt to pray with their hands resting on their guns, and mothers soothed their babies with some such melody as:

“Hushaby, baby,
Daddy is near,
His sword and his firelock
The red men all fear;
Hushaby, baby,
Daddy is near!”

As young William Pepperell advanced in years, that branch of the great business which drew the firm into pecuniary relations with England was intrusted to his care, while the elder Pepperell supervised the trade and the fishing interests. This

contact and intimate acquaintance with the public men of Boston gave the young merchant an easy and courtly manner, which soon made him a social favorite and put him in the way of political and military advancement. He had scarcely completed his twenty-first year when he received the commissions of Justice of the Peace and captain of a company of cavalry.

He was soon promoted to the ranks of major and lieutenant-colonel, and at thirty was commissioned colonel, which placed him in command of all the militia of Maine.¹ At very nearly the same time—1726—he was chosen representative from Kittery, a position of considerable power, and in 1727 he received the following notice of still another appointment:

“SIR: I am directed by the Honorable Lieutenant-Governor and Council to acquaint you that you are elected and appointed a Councillor or Assistant for the ensuing year, and that your attendance at the Council board is desired as soon as may be.

“Your humble servant,

“J. WILLARD.”

The letter is dated “Boston, June 1st, 1727.”

It is interesting to note that this appointment was

¹ Although the Province of Maine was now under the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, the soldiers enlisting from that locality were said to be from Maine.

renewed for thirty-two successive years, during eighteen of which he served as President of the board, which goes to show that the honor accorded this young man of thirty-one was not misplaced.

Colonel Pepperell had become fascinated by the charms of Mary Hirst, the daughter of a prominent merchant of Boston, and the granddaughter of Judge Sewall, of York. The young lady must have possessed a great deal of charm, for the diary of Parson Moody of York, afterwards known as the unfortunate "Handkerchief Moody," contains the confession that he was completely bewildered by that young lady's attractions. It is not surprising that the handsome, dashing young officer with his wealth and rank should have outrivalled the melancholy-minded young schoolmaster, and that in a courtship in which gold rings and a large hoop figured conspicuously, the young Colonel won the fair Mary Hirst, the wedding being solemnized on the 16th of March, 1723.

Colonel Pepperell's brother Andrew having died, the firm name had been changed to "William Pepperell's," so that when he brought his York bride home to the Pepperell Mansion, it was on an equal business footing with his father that he began his married life. In 1730 Governor Belcher of Massachusetts appointed Colonel Pepperell Chief Justice,

and the new-made justice, who wished to fit himself for his legal duties, sent post haste to London for a small law library. He must have qualified himself well, for he held the office to the day of his death, and it is said of him that "being intrusted with the execution of the laws, he distributed justice with equity and impartiality."

The same promptness with which he fitted himself for whatever duty devolved upon him, made a great deal of his success as a soldier, and was a keynote to his character. He not only dared to undertake difficult tasks, which shows courage, but he always set to work to find the surest way of accomplishing such tasks thoroughly and intelligently, which shows judgment.

The elder William Pepperell died February 15th, 1734, leaving besides his namesake and son, five daughters, to each of whom he bequeathed five hundred pounds, and half of the household furniture on the death of their mother. Those daughters were Mary, who was three times married, her last husband being Reverend Benjamin Prescott of Danvers; Marjory, who was married twice; Joanna, the wife of Dr. George Jackson; Miriam, married to Andrew Tyler of Boston; Dorothy, who married first Andrew Watkins, and who contracted a second marriage with Joseph Newmarch; Jane, who mar-

ried Benjamin Tyler, and afterward became the wife of his brother, William Tyler.

Judge Pepperell received very strong religious impressions at the time of his father's death, and soon afterward connected himself with the church. He entertained the visiting clergy at his house, and the great Whitefield was hospitably entertained at the Pepperell Mansion during his wanderings in the New World. To Colonel Pepperell and Mary his wife, four children were born, only two of whom lived to maturity—Andrew, whose handsome person and graceful manners made him his parent's idol and a favorite in Boston society, and Elizabeth, who was quite a belle in the seaport metropolis, where, in spite of Puritanism, the young people managed to enjoy a sort of chastened gayety. Elizabeth Pepperell formed a marriage with Nathaniel Sparhawk, May 1st, 1742, and lived in Kittery near her father's mansion. Andrew, the Colonel's only surviving son, became his father's partner early in 1744, so for two generations the firm of the Pepperells was increased to its immense proportions under the joint management of father and son.

It was in the same year, 1744, that an event occurred that brought Colonel William Pepperell from local prominence to national fame.

England had been involved in a war with Spain

and had gained some important victories in which New England had shared. Spain was driven in her extremity to call upon her ally, France (always with England a rival for supremacy in the American colonies), to help her fight their joint enemy, and early in October a government schooner of Massachusetts arrived in Boston from England, bringing despatches to all the governors, stating that within ten days after her departure war would be declared between France and the mother country, and orders also from the Admiralty to all naval commanders on the coast to prepare for the impending war.

All New England was now in a state of wild excitement, for war with France meant war with their near neighbors, the Indians of Canada.

Governor Shirley, who had succeeded Belcher, wrote to Colonel Pepperell to "see that his companies be in readiness to relieve any neighboring places in case there should be any occasion for it." The commander of all the Maine militia had sent this characteristic letter to all of his captains:

"I hope that He who gave us breath will give us the courage to behave like true-born Englishmen.

"Your friend and humble servant,

"W. PEPPERELL."

'And in the terrible conflict that followed so soon, the brave fisher-soldiers of Maine more than ful-

filled the hope of their gallant commander who signed himself their "friend and humble servant."

France declared war March 15th, 1744, and England's declaration of hostility came a fortnight later. The French garrison at Louisburg, taking advantage of the priority of France's declaration, attacked Nova Scotia and marched a number of Englishmen prisoners into the stronghold of Louisburg.

At the extreme and southern end of Cape Breton the French had built a fortified town which was almost entirely encircled by a wall of masonry whose ramparts were from thirty to thirty-six feet in height. This wall extended all around, except on the sea side of the town, while a ditch eighty feet wide made a circuit about two and a half miles in extent. Medieval moats and drawbridges with an encircling battery of thirteen 26-pounders made up the defenses of the little city, that was deemed proof against attack by land or sea, and which was called the "Little Gibraltar."

By the treaty of Utrecht, signed in 1713, Cape Breton was ceded to France, while Nova Scotia was assigned to Great Britain. Cape Breton stands on one side of the entrance to the gulf and river of St. Lawrence, while Newfoundland, thirty leagues distant and directly opposite, stands guard over the shining river that receives the waters of the great

lakes. As some historian has said, Cape Breton and Newfoundland stand "like two sentinels" to guard the waters of the Gulf and Lakes. In the present state of affairs it was natural that the fighting should begin between the two islands, the property respectively of the warring nations, France and England.

Both nations were engaged in the fisheries on the Grand Banks, which were within a few hours' sail of Louisburg. The fur trade of the French must pass through the channel, as well as all the European supplies sent to French and Indian Canadians in exchange for the magnificent fur skins of the northwest region. The English colonies sent ship timber for the British navy by this route, and if Louisburg in time of war remained in possession of the French, the trade between Great Britain would be waylaid by French vessels and the English colonial fishing interests completely destroyed.

Governor Shirley sent Colonel Pepperell to enlist the good will of the Penobscot Indians, but they declared they would not fight against their brothers of St. Johns and New Brunswick. This was indeed a very bad state of affairs, and the Colonies fully realized their danger. Louisburg must be taken. But how? That was the question. The Americans knew of its feudal-like and well-nigh invulnerable fortifications. One officer, Vaughn, a daring fellow

from New Hampshire, suggested marching into the walled town on its sea side over the snowdrifts which, the Colonials had heard, were packed hard as solid rock for a hundred feet, but the idea was considered rather impractical, as it depended entirely upon the wind and weather.

Governor Shirley was anxious that an expedition against the French fortress should be sent out at once, but it was necessary to act with the utmost caution in the matter. The Members of the General Court were requested to take an oath of secrecy about what the Governor proposed to do, and this silence might have been kept had not a good old deacon, who was a member of the Assembly, been overheard praying one night for Heaven's blessing on the enterprise. The boldness of the project astonished everybody, and the question was referred to a committee, who reported against it. A petition signed by prominent merchants of Boston and Salem was next presented to the Legislature, and the committee to whom it was referred this time reported favorably.

A majority of one, after two days' discussion, decided in favor of the expedition, and the martial spirit of the Governor was at fever heat.

The question as to who should take command of the troops was a vexed one, but the popularity,

the ability, the prominence, courage, and judgment of Colonel William Pepperell soon decided the matter, and he was appointed Lieutenant-General of the hundred vessels that were to convey forty-three hundred New England soldiers to the scene of military operations. Colonel Pepperell hesitated at first in accepting, but among the many friends with whom he advised, Whitefield, the great English preacher, who was at the time visiting at Pepperell's mansion, bade him "go with a single eye, and he would find his strength proportioned to his necessity." It was this eloquent divine, too, who gave the motto for the flag, "Nil desperandum, Christo duce," and thus it was that the valiant New England soldiers, fishers, and farmers, set forth like crusaders to storm Louisburg.

Commodore Peter Warren received orders meanwhile from England to sail with his West India fleet and join in the Louisburg siege, so that the men and officers of the expedition felt encouraged to believe that the hazardous undertaking might be successfully accomplished in much less time than they had hitherto expected.

The American army disembarked at Canso, April 29th, 1745. At eight o'clock the following morning they reached their landing place, Gabarus Bay, and the French, who strangely enough had not expected

any such attack and had sent no spies out to reconnoiter Cape Breton, were panic-stricken.

No time was lost in commencing the siege of the stronghold of Louisburg, which was one of the most remarkable military feats ever accomplished by soldiers of any country.

The American troops landed and encamped almost within cannon range of the city's walls, and the siege was actually begun on the first day of May.

The French, who had always considered themselves safe from the assault of invaders, must have been wonderfully surprised at the sudden appearance of New England's soldiers, and when on the very first day of the Americans' encampment their grand or royal battery, which was supposed to make any attack ineffectual, was taken and its guns turned upon the town, they were thrown into an almost paralytic state. The next day both General Pepperell and Commodore Warren demanded the surrender of the city, but Duchambon, the French commander, who had plucked up his spirit by this time, haughtily declined. Day after day the Americans threw cannon ball and shells into the beleaguered town, which was now almost without ammunition, and day after day the valiant Frenchmen held out with the walls of their houses falling about them, the smoke enveloping them, the din

and roar of cannon shaking the strong ramparts, that must soon yield to the fierce bombardment. Outside the city's walls a band of fishermen who had never before seen regular war, under the command of an officer who had had no military training except that acquired in militia service and skirmishes with Indians. Inside the walls a band of beleaguered citizens with little ammunition but brave hearts.

The conflict was one worthy of the days of mediæval warfare and of a poet's commemoration.

But there came a day when the besieged could hold out no longer, when Governor Duchambon might have said, like Sir Guy of Linteged of the legend :

"Sword, thy nobler use is done,
Tower is fallen, shame begun!"

for Commander Warren's fleet stood in and anchored, and six hundred of Pepperell's command stood drawn up on deck, while the troops on shore were ready for a combined assault. There were breaches in the strong walls, there were deep flaws and gaps in the ramparts. Men, women and children rushed about the streets in wild lamentation and frantic grief. Duchambon knew all was lost; he sent a flag of truce to the allied commanders and

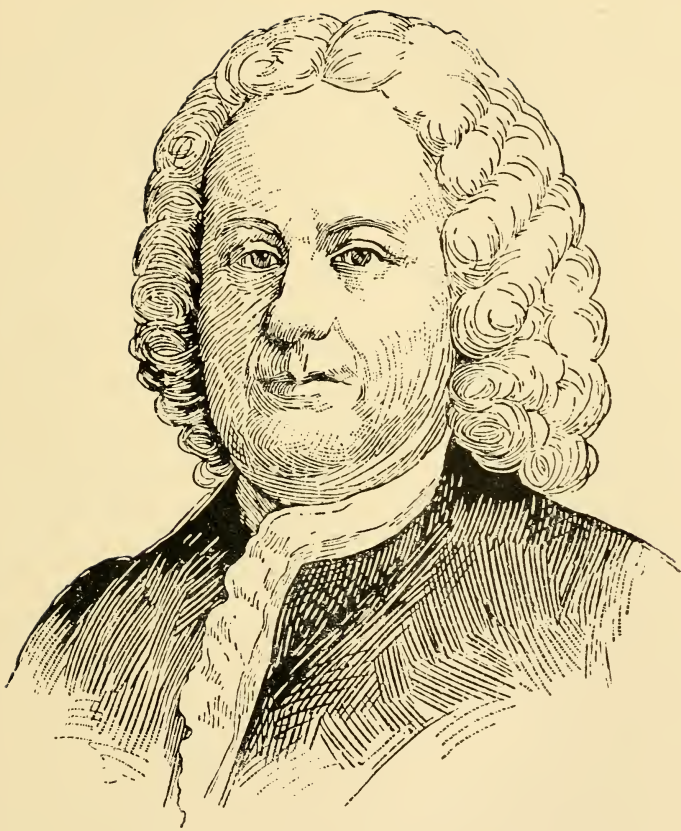
asked for conditions. With a generosity that was as beautiful as it was chivalrous, the victors consented to the most favorable terms, and the gallant French garrison marched out with the honors of war to the sound of drum beats, and with the colors of France flying.

On the 17th of June, after a siege of forty-nine days, Pepperell and Warren marched into the fallen city, the former receiving the keys of the fortress. By the terms of the capitulation six hundred and fifty veterans of France, thirteen hundred militiamen of the province, seventy-six cannon and mortars, and the famous port itself passed into the hands of the English. Pepperell gave a grand banquet to celebrate the event, and as soon as the news reached New England and Great Britain there were illuminations and general rejoicings. "London itself blazed with bonfires, and the cities of the kingdom sent up addresses to the King," who straightway promoted Commodore Warren to be Admiral, also appointed him Governor of Louisburg and Cape Breton, and created General William Pepperell a baronet of the realm—an honor never before conferred on a native American except in the case of the southern Sagamore who was made Lord of Roanoke.

William Pepperell was now Sir William, with a

coat-of-arms, in which three pineapples were represented, referring presumably to his West Indian trade. The new baronet also received authority to raise a regiment in the British line, with the further privilege of appointing his own subordinate officers.

On the 1st of June, 1746, a year after the capture, Sir William and Admiral Sir Peter Warren arrived in Boston on the ship *Chester*, and were received with acclamations of joy by the people. On the 4th of July, attended by a great number of officers and gentlemen, Sir William set out for his seat at Kittery Point, where Lady Pepperell and his daughters were impatiently awaiting his arrival. His progress was almost royal, for he who had always been their beloved friend and neighbor was now a hero whose fame had been acknowledged, and whose military services had been rewarded by his Majesty across the great ocean. Truly this was a proud day for old Kittery. Cavalcades met them at every town from Lynn to Portsmouth, where, a troop of horses leading the van, Louisburg officers following with music and colors flying, Whitefield's flag in the advance, perhaps, the Council, Sheriff and a long train of gentlemen bringing up the rear, he was escorted to the Governor's house, where dinner lay waiting, and a great dinner it was, no doubt. It is hard to realize to-day that such a gay pageant



SIR WILLIAM PEPPERELL.



ever paraded through the sleepy, grass-grown streets of the old town, but Portsmouth was a great port in Colonial days.

And after all this military success and social splendor the newmade baronet was ready to resume his old associations and, as he expressed it, "to turn farmer" again. He had proved his daring in undertaking a perilous enterprise which, if it failed, would bring disaster upon the Colonies and ruin upon himself; he had proved also his prudence, his patriotism and his indomitable perseverance, and now he was ready and willing to go back to the simple life of a Colonial gentleman. His position as President of the Council, Chief Justice of the Bench, Colonel in the Royal Army, and Baronet, made a larger way of living necessary, and Pepperell Mansion now became a scene of baronial hospitality. Costly mirrors and paintings adorned the carved wainscotted walls. The oaken staircase in the great hall, lined with family portraits, was so wide that six ladies, in the wide hoops and farthingales of that period, could trip down the stairs, abreast, without danger to satin petticoats or brocaded trains. Massive silver shone on the sideboards of the dining hall; old and costly wines filled the cellars; deer stalked through the wide domains of his park; a retinue of servants attended to his wants. He rode about

in a family coach that bore the "pineapples" of the Pepperell arms on its sides, and was rowed in a magnificent barge by a black crew dressed in uniform, when he went abroad to attend to official business or to enjoy his neighbors' hospitality. And all of this feudal style was cherished partly because of his son Andrew, the beloved heir to the title and great wealth. Andrew's romance with Hannah Waldo had a tragic ending. Although both families urged the marriage, which was greatly and mutually desired, Andrew from some unknown reason would delay the wedding day from time to time, until at last the young lady took her revenge by refusing to marry him on the day set when the guests had arrived and all but the bride were at hand.

Soon after Miss Hannah married a young man by the name of Fluke, and two months later Andrew Pepperell died of typhoid fever.

Sir William's grief over the death of his only son, upon whom all his hopes were set, was terrible. During the illness, which was from the first hopeless, he sent out pathetic appeals to the Boston clergy, saying "Pray! Pray! Pray for us!"

But the Angel of Death did not pass over the house of the American baronet, and on the 1st of March, 1751, Andrew Pepperell died, and broken-

hearted Sir William wrote to a friend: "Have pity upon, have pity upon me, for the hand of God hath touched me."

When the French and Indian war broke out in 1755 the old hero of Louisburg would again have taken an active part but for Governor Shirley's jealousy, which made him give commands to other officers rather than to Pepperell. He wrote pathetically to Captain Peter Kenwood: "Governor Shirley would not let me go against the French last year and this, and now I think I am too old."

Shirley, however, was recalled to England in 1756, and, upon the death of Lieutenant-Governor Phipps, Sir William was made "de facto" Governor, until the arrival of Governor Pownall. The Council had appointed Sir William Pepperell commander of Castle William in Boston Harbor and of all the military forces of Massachusetts, with the rank of Lieutenant-General—and these officers were of very great honor in war time.

In 1758, July 25th, Louisburg, which had been ceded back to the French, was again captured by British arms, and this must have been joyful news to Sir William, who had always sorrowed over the relinquishment of his hard-won trophy. The veteran of 1745 saw that the flag under which he had fought was to wave in triumph over France's pos-

sessions in America, and though broken in health and inconsolable for the loss of his son, he was ready, like Simeon, as Parsons, his biographer, remarks, to say: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

On the 6th of July, 1759, just two months before the victory of Quebec, Sir William Pepperell died at the Pepperell Mansion. Along both banks of the Piscataqua, whose waters had borne his first prosperity, flags drooped at half mast, while the solemn peal of the church bells of neighboring towns and the boom of the minute guns from the batteries mingled with the muffled drum-beats announced the passing from earth of a great man. Born the son of an uneducated fisherman, he, by force of genius and force of character, raised himself from humble station to elevated rank.

It is remarkable that this fisherman merchant of Kittery, who had no soldierly training, was the leader of the most extended and difficult military expedition as yet attempted by the American Colonies, before he had reached middle age.

Gradually he laid aside the garb of the fish-merchant for the garments of civil office, the gown and wig of the Justice gave place to the scarlet coat and the cocked hat of the King's officer, and one can imagine William Pepperell, the sailor-boy, trans-

formed into the be-laced and be-ruffled Sir William Pepperell, Baronet of the realm and Lieutenant-General of the Royal Army, gold rings on his fingers, diamond buckles on his square-toed shoes, bowing low to the most polite of Dukes and Lords, and kissing the hand of King George with the grace of a born courtier, while all London echoes the praise of the hero of Louisburg. Truly it is a pleasant picture, and one that recalls all the old gallantry of Colonial days, when America was King George's most loyal daughter.

To-day the name of Pepperell is extinct on this side of the Atlantic, and the handsome old mansion has become the abode of humble fishermen. His grandson, William Sparhawk, took the name and title of Pepperell and sailed for England, being a loyalist, where some of the descendants of the first Sir William Pepperell are to-day.

The descendants of Mary Pepperell, aunt of Sir William, are numerous in New England under the names of Frost, Prescott, and other representative New England families.

One of Sir William's bequests was a bell to the town of Pepperell, since lost, which bore on its rim his name and these lines:

"I to the Church the living call
And to the Grave I summon all."

His name has passed from the records of both countries that gave him honors, and his wealth and lands were long ago confiscated when his descendants remained faithful to Great Britain, but the fame of the hero of Louisburg still lives in two continents, and England and America join in proud and grateful memory of Sir William Pepperell, the first and last American Baronet.

HANNAH WESTON

“STEADY, boys, steady! Up! Up! There she goes! Hurrah for the Liberty Pole!”

A crowd of men, women and children were gathered together in an open space near the waterside of the little village of Machias, on a certain Saturday morning in the year 1775, to watch the planting of a very tall pole that towered high above the house-tops and tree-tops of the village, and was plainly visible for some distance down the river.

“Hurrah! Hurrah for the Liberty Pole! Hurrah! Hurrah!” The shout was taken up first by one voice and then another until a resounding chorus filled the air, for news had just come that the farmer-soldiers of Lexington had beaten the Britishers in a fair fight, and every heart in Machias thrilled with joy and pride.

“Look, neighbors,” said an old man in the crowd suddenly. “There comes the King’s schooner with the provisions that Captain Ichabod Jones promised should be sent us. The King’s man aboard her will not join in your ‘hurrahs,’ I warrant you.”

"Who cares for the King's man? Let them come!" cried a young man known as Jerry O'Brien. As he spoke, the schooner, with two sloops under her convoy, dropped anchor and a few moments later Captain Moore, her commander, came ashore. "What's that?" he inquired, pointing to the pole. There was silence for a moment. Then Jerry O'Brien's voice rang out. "'Tis a Liberty Pole, sir."

"It must come down," said the Englishman haughtily. "Who raised it?"

"The people of Machias, sir."

"In the name of the King, whom I represent, it must come down," ordered Captain Moore.

"In the name of the people of Machias, it will stand," retorted young O'Brien. These bold words produced a curious effect. The villagers who had a moment before been so valiant in their hurrahs, were now somewhat frightened by this outburst of defiance, while the young English officer appeared to be swayed by conflicting emotions. His face paled and flushed by turns as he stood for a moment irresolute; then, as if brought to a sudden determination to give an object lesson in British authority, he said slowly: "If it is *not* taken down within twenty-four hours I shall be obliged to *fire upon the town*," and without further words, Cap-

tain Moore and his officers rowed back to the *Margaretta*.

The crowd dispersed silently, for every man felt that matters had now taken a very serious turn.

Captain Ichabod Jones, who had arranged with the English Admiral Graves to bring provisions to the settlement on condition that a cargo of wood and lumber should be sent back in the sloops for the British troops in Boston, now called the men of the town together and asked them to vote whether or not the wood and lumber should be shipped back to Boston. Captain Jones was a merchant in Machias and a man of strong influence among the people. The very severe winter which had just passed had reduced the villagers to a condition of great want; there was a scarcity of many of the necessary articles of comfort, so that the question of refusing to send back the promised lumber and wood was a serious matter, for in such a case the sorely needed provisions that lay stored in the *Margaretta* would, of course, be withheld by Captain Moore. Most of the men voted to comply with the English Admiral's condition. A few, however, were bitterly opposed to lending any assistance to the avowed enemies of the Colonists and stoutly voted against sending chip or splinter to the King's soldiers in Boston. Among these dissenters Jerry

O'Brien, the spokesman of the morning, was the boldest and the firmest. Finding that it was the desire of the majority to postpone a final decision for some hours, and feeling sure that the time was now come for prompt resistance, O'Brien called together the little handful of men who shared his views, and proposed to them to take matters in hand themselves without further consulting the more timid citizens, who would be sure to join them when the decisive moment arrived.

"I'll tell what my plan is, friends," said the intrepid Jerry, after a moment's silence, "and then you may say aye or nay to it according to your mind. This Captain Moore has given us till Monday to decide whether or no we will take down the Liberty Pole, as you know. Well, why not 'take time by the forelock,' as the old saying goes, and *take him prisoner before Monday?* What say you, lads? I grant you 'tis a bold venture, but the times are desperate and need desperate remedies. The thing can be done if stout hearts and steady hands will undertake it. Well, is it yea or nay?"

"Aye, aye," answered a dozen voices as the men gathered closer about O'Brien, who was unanimously voted the leader of the enterprise which he had proposed, and which they felt he was fitted to carry out.

"And now since we are ready to follow you," said a young fellow by the name of Foster, "'tis but fair to know your plan."

"And so you shall," replied O'Brien. "It is this: To take this Captain Moore, who proposes to fire upon the town Monday next, a prisoner in the church to-morrow and show him and his royal master that Maine haymakers can fight for their rights as valiantly as Massachusetts farmers."

"'Tis a fine plan, Jerry, but how can it be accomplished?" asked one of the men. "If we could get the men from Pleasant River and Jonesboro to join us there might be some chance, but Jonesboro is sixteen miles away——"

"We must send trusty messengers to Josiah Weston in Jonesboro this very day. There is time to get there now before night—who will go for help? We can ill spare more than one man—which one of you will go?"

"I will," cried a voice, as a stalwart young fellow stepped forward. "I can follow the trail and get there in good season, if I start at once."

"Then be off without delay," said O'Brien. "Go straight to the house of Josiah Weston and bid him bring men and ammunition, for we are sorely in need of both. Tell him if we fall short of bullets we'll fight with pitchforks. And now lose no time,

for time is precious to-day, but go and God speed you."

Without further word the messenger, with a silent nod of his head, turned from the little group and plunged into the forest.

"Come, my men," said O'Brien, "there is much to be done; remember, every man of you must go to service to-morrow morning and be on his guard. I will sit in the pew behind Moore, and when the recruits have surrounded the church, I will give the signal. If our plan succeeds we'll man the *Margaretta* with stout Machias sailors who will show what haymakers can do at sea; if we fail—we will each lose a head, mayhap!"

"Better lose our heads than make no stand to keep our liberties," said one. "*But we will not fail,*" and with these words that were more confident, perhaps, than his heart, the speaker and the rest of the plotters dispersed, fearing that a too prolonged interview might be observed and cause suspicion.

As night drew on a few of the most trusted villagers were taken into the confidence of O'Brien and his men, who did not disguise the fact that they were on the eve of a desperate undertaking. With no trained soldiers and a very scant supply of ammunition, a few hardy farmers were going to

seize the King's officers and to venture an attack upon a man-of-war flying the flag of Great Britain. There was one chance for success against a hundred of failure, and on this one chance hung the lives of the leaders of this exploit, for if they escaped the bullets of the *Margaretta's* crew they would, in the case of defeat, be tried for treason against the Crown and would be hanged or shot as traitors.

Meantime, the messenger to Jonesboro had reached the little settlement, and his appeal for help had met with a prompt response from the men of the place, who assembled at the house of Josiah Weston to talk over the plan of the morrow's attack and from which point they started upon the long march to their distressed neighbors in Machias. The men were eager to join in the adventure, and the women bade farewell to fathers, husbands, and brothers with heavy hearts but cheerful faces.

As Josiah Weston stood in the doorway of his humble cottage and said good-by to his wife, Hannah, and his sister, Rebecca, none of the three dreamed that before they should meet again each one of that little family party would have enrolled his and her name in the long list of historic patriots, and that one of them would have done a deed that would be told in song and story to succeeding gen-

erations of American boys and girls as long as the word *heroine* remains in the English language.

But there was no thought of heroism or fame in the minds of any of the three that day; no thought of anything except the danger threatening their country and their neighbors in Machias, who were about to strike a bold blow against English tyranny and for American liberty.

As the recruits passed out of sight down the road Hannah Weston sighed. Husband and brother were gone to join O'Brien, whose intended attack she believed to be an almost desperate venture.

"What will they do for ammunition, Hannah?" asked the younger woman. "'Twas only yesterday that I heard one of the men say that there was not enough powder left to shoot a partridge, and the bullets are gone too. Mrs. O'Brien, so the messenger from Machias said, melted her pewter teapot to run some only a day or two ago," and Mistress Rebecca shook her head dolefully.

"Melted her teapot for pewter bullets?" repeated Hannah Weston, a new thought flashing through her brain. "Do you wait here, Rebecca, and get the supper. I am going out for a little while," and Hannah hastily put on her bonnet and shawl and hurried out of the cottage.

"What can she be thinking about to start off

a-visiting when Josiah and Sam have gone to get themselves shot or taken prisoners by Captain Moore, and never a civil word of explanation about her errand!"

But notwithstanding Mistress Rebecca's curiosity and vexation, she set about getting the supper as cheerfully as she could, for, after all, Hannah was sure to do the right thing, and in good time she would hear all about her mysterious visits.

The broiled salmon that Sam had brought in a few hours before and the haunch of venison that had been roasting before the kitchen fire were smoking on the table, and the rye cakes were done to exactly the right shade of brown when Rebecca spied her sister-in-law coming through the gateway. Peering through the gathering twilight, the girl saw that Hannah carried in her arms a bag of something that appeared both bulky and heavy.

"Why, whatever have you got there?" she asked in a voice that expressed querulous surprise.

"Bullets!" said Hannah triumphantly, as she emptied the bag of its contents. Out there tumbled and clattered pewter mugs, platters, saucepans, and all sorts and sizes of spoons before the astonished and round-eyed maiden.

"Quick, Rebecca!" continued Hannah, "we must melt these and run bullets for the men at Machias."

"Machias!" gasped the girl. "Why, Machias is sixteen good miles away!"

"Never mind, they must have ammunition; if there be not time to melt them, these pewter dishes must go as they are!"

"Who is to take them?"

"There is the trouble, Rebecca; I tried to find a man who would undertake the journey, but not a man was to be found!"

"Then you have had your pains for nothing," said Rebecca, "and I could have told you as much if you had spoken your mind before you went after all these pots and pans."

"If no one else can be found, *I'll* take them!" said Hannah calmly.

The girl's face flushed hotly. She paused a moment, then lifted her head and said with a little break in her voice: "If you go, why—why—I will go too. I can carry the food and the hatchet to cut away the bushes, for there is no real road and we'll have to follow the trees that the men said they would 'spot' for a path to come back by—if they ever come back!"

"That's a brave girl! That was spoken like a Weston! And now we must get to work."

By the time the first streaks of gray were showing along the eastern sky the two women were ready

to set out upon their journey. The pewter platters and spoons were secured in Hannah's strongest pillowcase, which made a burden of forty pounds to be borne over a distance of marsh and forest but little traveled save by the Indians and the wolves.

Shouldering the pillowcase of material for ammunition, Hannah Weston, followed by Rebecca, who carried a small hatchet and a basket of food, set forth upon her perilous enterprise, with that confidence in God's protection that animated the women of those dark days with courage and upheld them with fortitude.

To the neighbors who had watched them depart, and who had tried to dissuade Hannah from her purpose, she had answered: "The men need these," pointing to the pillowcase. "The only man who passed through here yesterday is now hiding in the woods. I feel that we can find the way—at least we can try."

"'Tis only geese that stray so far" croaked Goody Fosdick as she waved her kerchief to the two determined women whose figures were disappearing down the road where the white light of the morning lay chill and cheerless. Such a journey even at the present time would scarcely be safe for two unprotected women, but a hundred and twenty-five years ago it was an undertaking of so much

peril that nothing but calm judgment and calmer courage could have made it possible.

It was necessary to clear a path at frequent intervals, and the masses of tangled weeds and briars rendered progress so slow that the day was far advanced before they had reached more than half of the journey's length that lay before them. As the evening shadows began to close in upon them the brave travelers clung closer to each other and tried to quicken their steps, for the fear they dared not to voice was growing upon them—*they had lost their way.*

Now and then the hoot of an owl or the whining cry of a wolf spurred them on to renewed efforts, but the bag of pewter seemed to grow heavier with every step, and in the growing darkness they stumbled repeatedly over the rocks and brambles. At last they were compelled to sit down. Rebecca was almost fainting from fatigue and Hannah, whose courage had stimulated the younger girl to unwonted exertions, was now beginning to fear the consequences of a night's exposure in the woods and its attending dangers.

"Rebecca," she said, assuming a far more cheerful expression of countenance than she felt the situation justified, "sit here while I go forward a little way and see what lies before us. I feel sure that

we will soon find our way out of this. We have avoided the river course, so there is little to fear from the Indians, who are friendly towards the settlers, and when I return in a short while, you will be enough refreshed, perhaps, to make the rest of the way. Be of good cheer, and remember that God reigns in the wilderness and desert as well as by the fireside."

With these words, Hannah took up her precious burden and went forward alone. As she wandered on she found that her forebodings were realized, for no sign of the landmarks for which she was in search could be found. The weary Rebecca had fallen asleep from exhaustion, and lay with her head pillowed upon a moss-covered stone, happily unconscious, at last, of loneliness or danger.

"I will go on a little farther," said Hannah to herself bravely. "It may be that if I can but reach the top of yonder hill I may be able to see the river road which must surely bring us to Machias." So saying she toiled onward, and at length reached the crest of the rising knoll toward which she had bent her failing footsteps. Looking downward, she saw stretched before her the river, and not far in the distance a house. Her heart gave a great bound, for she knew that the humble dwelling lay on the outskirts of Machias.

Hurrying back, she aroused the sleeping Rebecca. "Wake up, wake up!" she cried joyfully, but the girl would only lift her head, to fall back again in utter weariness.

Clearly it was useless to attempt to go on until Rebecca should have a rest, so the older woman took from the basket some of the food and prepared as palatable a meal as the place and circumstances would admit. A fire was kindled on a great flat rock, for there was no longer any fear of possibly hostile Indians discovering them, and before its warmth Hannah sat down, weary and footsore, but with a sense of victory in her soul.

After the slumberer had awakened from a long nap, and the supper had been eaten, the travelers took up their burdens and in the course of several hours, for they were now so tired that they could scarcely creep, they reached the cottage which Hannah had seen from the hilltop. Here they rested until morning, for the kind inmates declared that they were fit for nothing but their beds.

Next morning the news flew about the neighborhood like lightning, and when the wayfarers were ready to start once more upon their journey every woman for two or three miles around was there to hear the story over again, and to give them God-speed.

The sun was high in the sky when the two women made their way into the little town of Machias, which wore a very bustling, important expression.

"What, have you not heard the news?" asked a woman who was hurrying towards the harbor. "The *Margaretta* was captured this morning by brave Jerry O'Brien and his men, God bless them—and they say the young English captain is like to die, from a shot fired by Sam Weston."

"Captured? Then we are too late!" exclaimed Hannah; "but stay, tell us about it; were any of our men hurt?"

"Not to speak of," answered the woman. "'Twas a great day yesterday for Machias," she continued. "Captain Moore went to church in the morning, and while he was looking through the window that is on the river side he spied some men coming across the river on log rafts. Well, he pretended not to notice them, but just went on listening to the parson, when all of a sudden there was a noise, a crash, and up he leaped like a flash and, springing over the seats 'twixt him and the window, was out of it and making for the schooner afore Jerry and his men could fairly get on to their feet. In a moment there was such a clatter as was enough to wake the dead. Women shrieked, the parson jumped down from the pulpit, and Jerry and

his men chased the Englishman with all the speed they could. But he was aboard the *Margaretta* and off down the river before they were well started on the chase."

"And then what? Did they not pursue him?" asked Hannah.

"As fast as they could get aboard the lumber sloop," was the reply. "The schooner went with all her speed, but the sloop followed her faster, and at last they came alongside of each other, and then they boarded her and took her. Jerry's brother was the first man over the rail, but 'twas Sam Weston's shot that struck Captain Moore—the poor young gentleman will die, they say. Well, 'twas his own fault, meddling with pole-raising and the like—but be you on the way to hear the news?"

"We came to bring this—this ammunition to the men," said Hannah, "but we have had our pains for nothing."

At this moment a crowd of men were seen coming toward the group of women, while a cheer rose upon the air.

"Hurrah for Hannah Weston and her pewter bullets!" was the cry that was taken up on all sides, as Hannah and Rebecca stood dazed by the din of voices and scarcely able to understand this demonstration.

Then O'Brien and Foster stepped forward. "Mistress Weston," said Jerry, who was always the spokesman, "we have heard of your brave deed and in the name of the people of the town we have come to thank you and this young woman here, who shared your danger."

"We but did what we thought it right to do," said Hannah in some embarrassment, "and indeed there is small cause for thanks, since we came too late to serve you."

X "Nay," answered Jerry. "This pewter is in the nick of time, for I warrant you before many days be passed the English will be upon us again. I, for one, say let them come and welcome! What daring has done once, daring can do again. And Mistress Weston, I promise your bullets shall do good work when our visitors come!"

And history will tell you that Jerry was right.

Well, though the fighters gave much praise for that midnight journey through the woods, scant recognition came from other quarters.

A merchant presented Hannah and Rebecca with twelve yards of "camlet," which was divided between them and made into two gowns. This was a scant pattern for two gowns, but the fashions of our great-grandmothers' days were very simple. Girls of our times would turn up their noses at such

a gift, perhaps, but Hannah and Rebecca were greatly pleased and wore their frocks proudly, and for a hundred years their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren kept bits of the famous camlet gowns, handing down from one generation to another scraps of the narrow petticoats and short-waisted bodices as their most cherished heir-looms.

Hannah Weston, who was a granddaughter of the famous Hannah Dusten, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, on the 22d day of November, 1758, and died on the 12th of December, 1856, living very nearly a hundred years. Her father, "Captain Samuel Watts, gentleman," received his title of "Captain" by the royal commission of King George the Second on the 4th day of May, 1756, under the hand of Governor Wentworth, and the Seal at Arms of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

During the ninety-eight years of her life this heroine of Machias had seen much of toil, sorrow and privation, but neither toil nor hardship nor sorrow quenched her brave spirit or hardened the sympathetic nature that made this woman always brave to endure and ready to help and comfort when danger threatened or sorrow came near. One of her children was lost in the fire that made the home of her early married life a heap of dust and ashes, and

perhaps it may have been the memory of this grief that made her the tender friend of all children.

Where sickness was, there, too, was Hannah Weston, nursing, cheering, comforting, proving once more that the poet was right—"the bravest *are* the tenderest."

Slim of nature and of medium height, she possessed a great deal of physical as well as moral strength. At the advanced age of ninety-seven the old lady knit a pair of stockings for a fair, carding the wool, spinning the yarn, and knitting them, without the aid of glasses. In her old age many strangers came to her to hear the old Revolutionary tales she remembered and related so well and so clearly. Perhaps, as the shadows of her long life deepened around her, the scenes of her early life came back to her vision with strange distinctness, and more clearly than any, that long night when she carried forty pounds of pewter for bullets through fen and forest to help the Machias hay-makers take the *Margaretta*.

Since the middle of the last century the grave of this historic woman has lain neglected and unmarked in the little sea coast village of Jonesboro, Maine, where she lived and died, but within the last few months her descendants from all parts of the United States have joined their efforts with the peo-

ple of the remote town, and at last have erected a fitting monument to her memory.

Standing before this tribute from the living to the long-forgotten and lately-remembered dead, the verses of an old poem come, like an old memory, unbidden to the mind:

“The mothers of our Forest Land—
Stout hearted dames were they,—
With nerve to wield the battle brand
And join the border fray.

“Our rough land knew no braver
In its days of care and strife—
Aye ready for severest toil,
Aye free to peril life!

“The mothers of our Forest Land,
They sleep in unknown graves,
And if they'd borne and nursed a band
Of ingrates and of slaves,

“They'd not been more neglected;
But their graves shall yet be found,
And their monuments dot here and there
The dark and bloody ground.”

CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES.

ON a stormy afternoon in the year 1759 the villagers of the little fishing hamlet of Arbigland, on the north coast of Solway Firth, Scotland, were gathered together in anxious groups along the shore to watch the progress of a small fishing boat that was bravely struggling to get into the shelter of the harbor.

As the frail craft came nearer, her crew, which was made up of two—a man and a boy—was distinctly visible. The man was doing what sailors call “trimming the boat” by sitting on the weather rail. The boy was making the fight, steering, handling the sheets, and commanding.

Among the watchers there was one person who appeared to be especially interested in the boy in the boat. This gentleman was a ship-owning merchant from Whitehaven, at the time the principal seaport on the Cumberland coast of England, and he had come to Arbigland to pick up seamen for his new brig, the *Friendship*, which was ready to sail to the coast of Virginia in the Colonies. His name was James Younger, and he was a Lowland Scotchman by birth.

As the northeast gale grew fiercer and the little boat tossed about in the teeth of the wind, the ship-owner shook his head.

"She can't weather it," he said, as he turned away. An old fisherman standing by heard the remark.

"That's my boy John conning the boat, Mr. Younger; he'll fetch her in."

It was old John Paul, the gardener of the Honorable Robert Craik, a county squire of the neighborhood, who spoke, and his judgment in such matters was well known, for besides tending Mr. Craik's garden the old man had been for many years a successful fisherman.

When a little while after the boat drew up alongside and was fastened, the Whitehaven merchant made haste to compliment the young sailor on his coolness and skill, and to the surprise of both father and son he then and there offered to send little John Paul as master's apprentice in the fine new vessel just about to sail for Virginia.

Old John was flattered and young John was wild with delight at the prospect, so it was soon settled between them that Mr. Younger's offer was to be accepted.

A few days later the *Friendship* sailed from Whitehaven with little John Paul aboard as a

master's apprentice. Thirty-two days afterwards she anchored in the Rappahannock river, near the present site of the town of Urbana in Virginia.

So it happened that the son of an humble Scotch gardener started upon that career which was to be one of the most wonderful in the naval history of the world.

So it happened that the twelve-year-old boy began his seafaring life on the blue water which was to be the stage of conflict and victory for the future hero of the ocean.

Being a sailor is not an easy thing now, but in 1759 it was a very hard thing indeed. Most boys of twelve years who go to school and live in comfortable homes can have no idea of the hardship of a sailor boy's life—a life of struggle with the winds and tides, a life of strict discipline, stern command and prompt obedience, rough work and coarse food—a hard life, but the sailor boys loved it then and they love it now.

One of John Paul's elder brothers, a long while before this, had emigrated to Virginia and had there been adopted by a Scotchman of the name of William Jones. It chanced that when the *Friendship* dropped anchor in the Rappahannock she landed a very short distance below the plantation of this William Jones, so that little Paul found the brother

whom he had never seen before, almost immediately on his arrival in the new, strange country. William Jones took so great a liking to the master's apprentice that he offered to adopt him also. But sturdy John Paul, the sailor boy, showed now the same determination and steadfastness of purpose that was in later life one of his chief traits of character. It was very pleasant to roam over the great plantation and exchange yarns with the negro slave-children, perhaps—pleasant to cruise about the Rappahannock in the plantation sloop, pleasant to ride across country with his elder brother, and to go opossum hunting and coon hunting with the "hands" at night when the work was done; but Paul did not forget his resolve. He had made up his mind to follow the sea, and he could not be tempted to change his purpose. He thanked Mr. Jones, but declined the offer of adoption, and when the *Friendship* sailed off little John Paul sailed with her.

For the next ten years the young seaman continued in the merchant service, each year gaining greater skill and experience.

He was now in his twenty-seventh year, and it is not only a remarkable fact, but a lesson to every boy who has ambition, that this humbly-born sailor lad, who had had no schooling, no teacher, and, indeed, very little child life, was at this time as well versed

in naval history and tactical theories as any naval officer of his age in the British navy. He was, besides, proficient in French and Spanish and had a natural grace of manner that made him the peer of those young gentlemen who had enjoyed the advantages of a college education and whose lives had been passed in court circles.

William Jones had died in 1760, leaving the Virginia estate to John Paul, if his brother died without children, on the condition that he should take the name of *Jones*.

William Paul Jones was now dead, and by the terms of the will, to which the young heir consented, John Paul, now a captain in the merchant service, became Captain John Paul *Jones*, Esquire, a Virginia planter. This happened in 1773. For two years Captain Jones lived the pleasant, free life of a colonial planter, leaving old Duncan McDean, the Scotch head farmer, or overseer, to attend to the business of the tobacco crops and other plantation affairs.

His tastes had always led him to prefer the society of cultured men and women rather than to be among the seafaring men who were to be found at the tavern and coffee house, and John Paul Jones had by his indefatigable study fitted himself to take a place in such society.

The clouds from which the "lightning of Bunker Hill" was to flash were gathering thick and fast. Early in the spring Captain Jones, with his two slave-boys, Scipio and Cato, went to New York in the plantation sloop, and while there he heard the news of the battle of Lexington.

This was on April 19th. Under date of April 27th, 1775, Jones wrote a letter to his friend, Mr. Hewes, copies of which were sent to Jefferson, Morris and Livingston, in which he suggested the wisdom of "armament by land and by sea," and in which he offered his services should Congress make "provision for a Naval force." The second Continental Congress met on the 10th of June, and a Naval commission was at once appointed. Ten days later this commission was authorized "to invite John Paul Jones, Esquire, Gent., of Virginia, Master Mariner," to give his service in the matter. From this moment John Paul Jones became the leading spirit of the commission and by his foresight, his practical work in preparing for the conflict as well as by the naval tactics he afterward employed, he earned and deserved the title of "Founder of the American Navy."

But there were many disappointments before him. In the first National navy list John Paul Jones was placed a first lieutenant. After his important serv-

ices this seems unjust, and many of his friends openly said that he should be Captain. "Let it go," said Lieutenant Jones. "Time will make all things even." And time certainly did.

On the 22d of December, 1775, Paul Jones, who was the sixth on the list, was first to receive his commission. He was ordered to take command of the *Alfred*. Obeying this order, he flung out the first American flag on a man-of-war. This was the "Pine-Tree and Rattlesnake" emblem, not the Stars and Stripes. With him were Scipio and Cato, the two negro boys, and an Indian boy by the name of Jeremiah, known on board the ship as "Red Cherry."

For two years Captain Jones was active in the naval service, and during this time took so many prizes that his name was already well known to the enemy as well as to the patriots of the country and the cause he was fighting for—America and Independence.

In 1777, June 14th, Congress passed two resolutions: "That the Flag of the United States of America be Thirteen Stripes, alternate red and white; that the *Union* be Thirteen Stars in a blue field; representing a new constellation." Also "That Captain John Paul Jones be appointed to command the ship *Ranger*."

Paul Jones saw a meaning in this event. "That flag and I are twins," he said. "We cannot be parted in life or death; so long as we can float, we shall float together. If we must sink, we shall go down as one."

It is a pretty story that is told of how the first American flag, the *Ranger's* flag, was made. Down in old Portsmouth, where the *Ranger* was launched, a party of girls gave a "quilting party" for the purpose of making a flag for Captain Jones, for which he had given them very particular directions. The stars were cut from the wedding dress of Helen Seavey, who had just wedded a young officer of the New Hampshire Line, and the other girls cut slices off their best silk gowns for the field and stripes of the pennant which was to win a renown that would reflect honor upon the fair hands that fashioned it. Helen Seavey, Mary Langdon, Caroline Chandler, Augusta Pierce, and Dorothy Hall (niece of the *Ranger's* second lieutenant) are the only names left to us of the historical "quilting party." What girl to-day would not be proud to trace back to one of those maidens for a far-off grandmother!

The *Ranger* was ordered to take the news of Burgoyne's surrender to France, where our American commission was sitting with the object of gaining the aid of the French. If our French friends had

not given us their help, we might not have whipped the English when and as we did. With hard work, trying duty, and terrible gales to fight, the crew of the *Ranger* found time for amusement, and Charlie Hill, the youngest midshipman, made up a song which was sung in the forecastle long after Revolutionary times:

“ So now we had him hard and fast,
Burgoyne laid down his arms at last
And that is why we brave the blast,
To carry the news to London.
Heigh-ho! Car-r-y the news!
Go! Carry the news to London!
Tell old King George he’s undone.
Heigh-ho! Carry the news!”

The most important part of the *Ranger’s* career was her exploits on the west coast of England, where she completely destroyed the shipping of the British at Whitehaven. On the 23d of April, the day after the descent upon Whitehaven, Captain Jones, with the *Ranger*, stood across the Irish Channel. Hearing that the English ship, the *Drake*, the guardship at Carrickfergus, was out after him, Jones determined to wait for her. The world knows the story of his famous victory, how in reply to the *Drake’s* challenge: “What ship is that?” the *Ranger’s* captain said: “The American Continental ship, *Ranger*. Come on. We are waiting for you.”

Scipio and Cato and "Red Cherry," as the Indian Jerry was called, were in this first great victory of the new sea-power, the American navy. The young commander now tried to get a larger ship, but had to ask this of King Louis XVI of France—always America's friend. The favor was granted, the King giving him the ship *Duras*, whose name was changed to *Bon Homme Richard*, in compliment to Benjamin Franklin, who wrote under the name of "Goodman Richard."

The *Bon Homme Richard* gained one of the most remarkable victories known in history. She and her squadron took the English ship *Serapis* and her consort with a force very much inferior to the enemy's. A curious thing happened in this bloody fight. The *Bon Homme Richard* took fire from the *Serapis* and was sunk by the ship she conquered. So fierce was the struggle that at one time the English commander, Pearson, asked through the storm of shot and shell if Jones had struck. Back came the answer, that has become famous all over the world, "I haven't begun to fight yet."

That was the spirit of John Paul Jones, and his crew was with him, though Landais of the French ship *Alliance* behaved treacherously. Never was there a more gallant fight on both sides. Once an English officer asked of Pearson, "Has she struck?"

“No,” was the reply, “but we have.” Brave Dick Dale, Jones’ first lieutenant, was the first man over the rail of the doomed *Serapis*. The fight was over, but the *Bon Homme Richard* was sinking fast, and Captain Jones had to move his men into the conquered ship. The flag made by the Portsmouth “quilting party” went down flying at the mast of the brave ship—the only ship on record that went down a conqueror!

The Duchess De Chartres, the richest lady in France, had given to the young American Captain the watch of her grandfather, the Duke of Toulouse, and with that grace that was born in him, Jones had said : “I will consult your watch to time my victories, your Grace.”

After the battle he wrote to the Duchess: “The enemy surrendered at ten forty-five. I looked at your watch to fix the moment of victory.” John Paul Jones was a courtier as well as a hero.

After the war with England was over the Empress of Russia made him a Vice Admiral of her Empire. Before that Louis XVI had made him Chevalier of France, the only foreigner ever so honored in that country, so that in spite of many early disappointments and the jealousy of many of his brother officers, John Paul Jones reaped a glorious reward for his labors.

Broken down in the prime of life, he resigned from the Russian service and went to Paris, where he died of lung trouble on the 18th of July, 1792, at the age of forty-five. He was found lying with his face downward and holding in his hand the watch given by America's friend, the Duchess de Chartres.

Paul Jones had many faults, but he was a faithful friend and a true patriot. Had he lived, he would have been Admiral of France, for he was much beloved by the French people. He died in his boots and struggling. A sailor at twelve years old, a vice admiral of an Empire's navy at forty-three, Chevalier of France, Patriot of America, he will live always as the "Ocean-hero" of the world, the Champion of Freedom, the Founder of the American Navy.

ISRAEL PUTNAM

ONE of the most wholesome characters in American history is that of Israel Putnam, the farmer-general of Revolutionary days, and the boys' hero for all time.

It is pleasant to think of his cheerfulness, his sturdiness, his quick-witted foresight, his practical ability—for Israel Putnam was born in an atmosphere of morbid superstition and Puritanism that was not likely to foster the characteristics that Nature gave him.

In one of the old Colonial houses at the foot of Hathorne Hill in what was once known as Salem Village, Massachusetts, but has since been incorporated as the town of Danvers, there was born January 7th, 1718, a son to Joseph and Elizabeth (Porter) Putnam. This infant son was the twelfth child in the Putnam family, and though the parents were in fairly comfortable circumstances, there were no very bright prospects ahead for this last of a dozen youngsters, all of whom must be clothed and shod and fed and brought up decently and in order according to Puritan rule and doctrine.

When the child was a month old he was taken to the meetinghouse on Watch House Hill, and baptized by the Reverend Peter Clark, who christened him "Israel" in honor of his mother's father, Israel Porter.

Salem Village was in early Colonial days a group of plantations or farms in the immediate vicinity of the town of Salem, but in later years this suburb of the historic old city was called Danvers. The dark shadow of the witchcraft terror still hung heavily over Salem and Salem Village at the time of little Israel Putnam's birth. The tragedy of 1690 had been played out to its terrible end only twenty-eight years before, and the gruesome tales of that strange time were whispered around firesides on winter nights, when the wailing of wind from the sea, and even the moving shadows on the fire-lit walls, made the grown-up story-tellers pause and turn pale sometimes as the children cowered about their knees.

It is a pleasant thought, too, that Israel's father, Joseph Putnam, was one of the few who were wise enough and brave enough openly to oppose the foolish and cruel fanaticisms of the Reverend Samuel Parris and many other prominent citizens of Salem who took a part in prosecuting and persecuting helpless old women in the days of the witchcraft delusion. So fearless and honest was Joseph

Putnam, that even those of his near blood, Sergeant Thomas and Deacon Edward Putnam, his half-brothers, censured and distrusted him, while the disfavor of his kinsfolk vented itself in such bitter prejudice that his life was imperiled. For six months he lived in daily danger of being accused of being in league with the "witches," and kept his firelock ready for use and his best horse saddled, so that in case of attempted arrest he might be prepared for defense or flight.

Israel Putnam was descended on his father's side from the ancient family of Putnam, or Puttenham, in England, his ancestor John emigrating from Astum Abbotts, Buckinghamshire, in 1641. On his maternal side he came down from William Hathorne, or Hawthorne, who came from Wiltshire, England, in 1630, and became a soldier, legislator and judge in the New World. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist, another direct descendant of this progenitor, has left a description of their common ancestor that almost brings the stern old Puritan back to life again, as the "grave, bearded, sable-cloaked, steeple-crowned progenitor, who came so early with his Bible and his sword, and trod the unworn street with such a stately port, and made so large a figure as a man of war and peace."

With all these surroundings, with the shadows

of early Puritan fanaticism hanging like a chill mist that no sunshine could lift from the somewhat isolated seaport settlement, it seems strange that little Israel should have escaped the taint of a morbid fancy or the gloom of superstitious tradition. But there was a strong, brave, cheerful spirit in the lad, and a healthy body and sound mind are the best antidotes to superstition and melancholy. Nature had given these two best gifts to the boy, who, though a very poor student, learned all that Nature could teach boys, and was at an early age the champion in every sort of outdoor sport.

One of his biographers (Livingston) tells an interesting story of his fearless daring. Climbing out too far on the limb of a tree, while after birds' nests one day, the limb broke, and as he came tumbling down he was caught by a lower branch, where he hung by his clothes, head downward, while his frightened companions stood gazing up at him, fascinated by the danger of the situation. The branch upon which he hung in mid-air was too high up to be reached by any of his companions, but Israel's quick wit found a way out of his dilemma that was itself decidedly risky. One of the boys had a gun, and to him the swinging Israel shouted: "Shoot the branch and break it." The boy hesitated, but young Putnam was growing more impa-

tient every moment. "Shoot!" he insisted. "I'll take the risk." And so he was liberated at last, coming down without any broken bones, but a multitude of bruises, which did not keep him from climbing the very same tree the next day. Now this is not the kind of story that members of the Audubon Society would consider exactly proper, for robbing birds' nests, we all know, is a sport that deserves immediate punishment, but the truth must be told, and Israel, we are informed, not only escaped a well earned punishment, but finally got the bird's nest. Later on, however, the chivalrous side of his nature showed itself, and there is a pretty story of his defense of a neighbor's daughter, who was sneered at by a big, burly boy twice his size, because her parents were known to be very poor. The taste for bird's-nesting, we may be sure, was gone by this time.

Farming was just the life that seemed best suited to this vigorous, healthy, young man, and many a story is still told in Salem Village (now Danvers) of his strength and daring in taming a vicious bull that was a terror in the neighborhood, and of feats of strength that were remarkable for one of his years. Before he was of age he really had charge of the farm left by his father, and in 1738 he received his definite share of the estate. Here, in a field near his birthplace, he built a house for himself, to which

he brought his bride, Hannah Pope, whom he married when he was twenty-one years old. In the rough farmhouse the young husband and wife began their married life, and here their first child, named Israel for his father, was born in 1740.

In the same year Putnam, who had heard a great deal about the rich lands of Connecticut, moved with his wife and child to that region, where in partnership with his brother-in-law, Pope, he established himself. These two young men were really pioneers in this locality, for "Mortlake," the region in which they settled and which was in 1752 annexed to the town of Pomfret, was wild and unsettled at this time.

The sale of this land to the young men was made under Governor Belcher of Boston, and the amount, nearly six thousand pounds, was made payable in bills of credit on the province of Massachusetts. Within two years Putnam had bought Joseph Pope's share of the land and had paid the whole indebtedness to Governor Belcher.

The Connecticut farm soon began to repay him his labor, and the young farmer not only planted crops, put up stone walls, sawed timber for farm-buildings, and cared for the beasts of burden on the place, but also planted and grafted a number of fruit-trees, introducing, among some new varieties, a very

luscious and delicious winter apple called the "Roxbury Russet," which he had brought from his old home in Salem Village. A great many of the country people, who knew very little about his military career, were always loud in their praise of Putnam's "Russet," which they thought, perhaps, entitled him to perennial memory among his apple-growing, cider-making neighbors.

It was here, too, that his name became famous as the hero of the great wolf hunt of 1742, in which the Connecticut farmers for many miles around joined, the tradition of which is still one of the favorite winter-night fire-side tales in the region of Pomfret. The farmers of the neighborhood had for two or three winters suffered heavy losses among their flocks from the visits of a very sly but bold she-wolf, and were quite at their wits' end as to what to do, for every effort to catch her had failed. Israel Putnam had lost seventy of his sheep and goats, and a great many lambs and kids had been wounded. A few nights before this, her latest and most successful raid, she very nearly had been caught, barely escaping from a steel trap in which she had been forced to leave her claws. A slight snow had fallen, and in returning to her lair she had left tracks that led to her capture, for all along the trail one paw-print was shorter than the other three. This showed her

route and proved her identity. Israel Putnam and the other farmers determined to pursue her, agreeing to hunt alternately in pairs. On reaching the Connecticut River the hunters were annoyed to find that she had turned in the opposite direction, so they had to turn back and follow the trail toward Pomfret. All night long they followed the clawless footprint, until they arrived within three miles of the Putnam farmhouse, where her den was discovered. The news spread like wildfire, and a great many men, armed with rifles and carrying materials for smoking her out of her hiding-place, hastened to her lair, which was among the crags and boulders of a steep hill. Here for twelve hours vain attempts were made to dislodge Mistress Wolf, who had evidently penetrated to a safe distance and did not mind smoke. Putnam's own bloodhound was sent in, but came out frightened and wounded, and could not be induced to risk a second encounter. It was now ten o'clock at night, and Israel Putnam declared he would go into the den and shoot her and bring her out himself. The rest of the hunters begged him not to undertake such a perilous venture, but the young Massachusetts hunter was not in the habit of changing his mind. He calmly took off his coat and waist-coat, tied a rope around his legs so that he might be pulled back when he gave the signal, which

was a kick; lighted some strips of birch bark for a torch, and crawled into the mouth of the hillside cave. The opening was only two feet square, and the surface of the stones was coated with ice, which made progress within these narrow limits very difficult. The overhanging roof of rock came down so low that he was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees, at the same time keeping hold of the torch. In its flaring light he presently distinguished two fiery eyes staring at him. The gnashing of her teeth and her savage growls grew louder and louder as he approached, and seeing that it would be folly to risk an encounter without a gun, he gave a vigorous kick. The hunters hearing the fierce growls thought he had been attacked, and forthwith jerked the rope back so violently that his shirt was dragged over his head and his back badly scratched. He had been face to face with the foe now, and he was eager for the fray, so arming himself with a gun loaded with buckshot he again entered the beast's den. Just as she was about to spring on him he fired, gave the "kick" signal, and was pulled out. Waiting for the smoke to clear away, he for the third time entered the rocky passage. All was now still. He touched the prostrate creature with the torch and found her dead. Grasping her by the ears, he signaled to be drawn out, and in a little while emerged from the cave,

dragging the dead wolf with him. This was really a very wonderful feat of strength as well as courage, and from that hour Israel Putnam was a local hero. The dead wolf was dragged to a house about a mile distant, and down that icy hillside, through the dark woodland, the little procession made a sort of jubilee of that midnight torch-lighted journey.

In after years, when he became a hero in the French and Indian Wars, and a famous general in the American Revolution, the story of the wolf hunt in the Connecticut woods was told around campfires, as enthusiastic soldiers affectionately rehearsed the exploits of their beloved "Old Wolf Putnam," a name he carried throughout his military career, a name that stirs a throb of pride in the heart of any boy reader of American history.

It seems a singular coincidence that the crest of the Putnam or Puttenham coat-of-arms is a wolf's head. It would be interesting to trace some wolf story back to the first of the name and race who took that animal's head for his heraldic device, would it not?

After this episode the even tenor of farm life, with its sowing and reaping, its springtide and harvest, was uninterrupted until the year 1755, which was to turn the current of his life toward new experiences and a definite end.

In the year 1755, the conflict between England and France, known in history as the Seven Years' War, brought new dangers upon New England farmers, who until that time had scarcely realized the situation in which they were placed. The Seven Years' War was the fourth that had been waged between England and France, and the warfare that took place in the American Colonies was called the French and Indian War, though really a phase of the European conflict called the Seven Years' War. Each country, England and France, was jealous of her supremacy in the Colonies, and the French in Canada had won the revengeful Indians as allies against England. This enmity of the wild and savage tribes so nearly within their borders was a source of the greatest danger to the farm settlements throughout New England. When the hostilities between England and France at last culminated in a declaration of war in 1755, there was a call to arms. Israel Putnam joined the band of Connecticut volunteers who started on the long and difficult march to Albany, where they were to meet the other Colonial forces which were to assemble at that point.

The Commander-in-Chief in that campaign, General Edward Braddock, had planned four expeditions. One was against Fort Duquesne, one against

the French in Acadia, one against Fort Niagara, and one against Crown Point. It was towards Crown Point that the Connecticut volunteers were advancing. At Albany the Indian allies under Hendrick, the brave Mohawk chief, joined the provincial soldiers, for William Johnson, who negotiated all the affairs between that tribe and the Royal government in England, was in command of the Crown Point expedition, and he was both loved and trusted by the Mohawks, who readily followed him as leader.

The Connecticut farmers, in their homespun clothes, their firelocks, hatchets, belts, cartridge boxes and blankets, made up in courage and daring what they lacked in military experience, and very soon proved to the contemptuous English that "a mob of countrymen," as they were sneeringly described, might be a very formidable foe. While waiting at Fort Lyman's, afterwards called Fort Edward, General Johnson heard from his Mohawk scouts that the French were advancing to Crown Point, so he decided, after a council of war, to ask the different Colonies for reinforcements, for he knew it would require a much larger force than he then had to resist an attack from the trained soldiery of the French. In response to his appeal the General Assembly of Connecticut convened in special session, and it was resolved that that Colony should

send fifteen hundred more men, which were to be formed into two regiments, known as the Third and Fourth, of nine companies each, and Israel Putnam was commissioned Second Lieutenant of the Sixth Company in the Third Regiment.

Perhaps Governor Fitch and the members of the Assembly had heard the wolf story, and thought that a man who would go alone three times into the den of a vicious animal, would be the right sort of a fighter; at any rate, the appointment was made, though Putnam did not receive the commission until after the battle of Lake George had been fought, in which he saved the regiment from annihilation by Baron Dieskau's French and Indians. Putnam and the gallant Lieutenant Nathan Whiting made a retreat, but were able to send a murderous fire at the enemy even while they retreated. Dieskau halted, and Johnson ordered the Americans to throw up a barricade of wagons, trunks of trees, everything, in short, that they could pile up, and from this rude entrenchment the battle was continued. A complete rout of the French followed, and so the battle of Lake George, which had promised defeat, ended in a victory for the "mob of countrymen." The disgusted French returned to Ticonderoga. Shortly afterward the Assembly's regiments arrived, and with them a remarkable man in the form of Robert

Rogers. An immediate friendship sprang up between Putnam, who was now a Second Lieutenant in the Third, and Rogers. The latter was sent by Johnson to reconnoiter Crown Point. This was the first of a great many expeditions of this sort, and Putnam was one of the daring men who followed Rogers, who was shortly after made commander of what was called the Provincial Rangers, whose duty it was to serve in a corps independent of the main army. The "Rangers" had very dangerous work assigned them, and were selected for certain qualities, among which daring, judgment, coolness, a quick wit and a knowledge of woodcraft were essential. Israel Putnam, who "heard quickly, saw to an immense distance," and whose voice was "strong and commanding," according to his grandson's—Judge Judah Dana's—description of him, was especially fitted for warfare in which a wily savage foe was to be fought, so it was very natural that he at once became one of "Rogers' Rangers," in which he rendered distinguished service.

It was during the unfortunate march toward Ticonderoga, that General Abercombie had most unwisely ordered, that the most exciting incident of our hero's life occurred. This was in the year 1758, and Israel had been promoted to the rank of Major by the General Assembly at Hartford. Young Lord

Howe, at that time Brigadier-General, was the favorite of American Provincials and British Regulars, and a strong friendship had been established between the gallant young nobleman and the blunt, fearless, honest Connecticut Ranger who had so often proved his valor and his discretion. Although there had been a treaty of capitulation signed between the French and English at the latter's defeat at Fort William Henry, this treaty was now declared null, for the French and Indians had broken its terms by "murdering, pillaging and captivating" the English whenever and wherever they could. Therefore General Abercrombie felt that no scruple of military honor held him bound to maintain the peace the enemy had violated. On the 15th of July, 1758, an army of fifteen thousand men set out for Ticonderoga. It was on the route that the brave young nobleman was killed. Encountering a body of French unexpectedly, there was confusion among the ranks.

Humphreys, the historian, tells us that when the firing began Lord Howe turned and said: "Putnam, what means that firing?" "I do not know, but with your lordship's leave will go and see," replied the former. "I will accompany you," rejoined the gallant young nobleman. In vain did Major Putnam attempt to dissuade him. "My lord, if I am

killed, the loss of my life will be of little consequence, but the preservation of yours is of infinite importance to this army." The only answer was, "Putnam, your life is as dear to you as mine is to me. I am determined to go."

The two officers immediately made a rapid movement forward, and although the skirmish ended in victory for the English, there was gloom over all, for the brave young Howe was the first to fall in the hot encounter.

The next day the march towards Ticonderoga was resumed. Montcalm's defenses were skillfully built, and it was a mistake to have attacked such a stronghold at that particular time, but Abercrombie had been deceived, and so the unfortunate attack was made. "The scene was frightful," says Putnam in his *Montcalm and Wolfe*. "Masses of unfortunates who could not go forward and would not go back; straining for an enemy they could not reach, and firing on an enemy they could not see; caught in the entanglement of fallen trees; tripped by briars, stumbling over logs, tearing through boughs; shouting, yelling, cursing, and pelted all the while by bullets that killed them by scores, stretched them on the ground or hung them on jagged branches in strange attitudes of death." And through this dreadful carnage Putnam's daring stimulated the

provincials to renewed heroism, some of them actually forcing their way to the foot of the wooden wall. But heroism could not prevail against the overwhelming odds, or break down the fortifications made doubly strong by Nature and by art. After nearly two thousand of their soldiers lay dead, the English were obliged to retreat, and this was the disastrous end of General Abercrombie's attack on Ticonderoga.

Major Putnam was now again in the ranging service. It was at this time that he was captured by the Indians through the carelessness of Rogers himself, who, believing there were no traces of the enemy about, indulged in firing at a mark on a wager. Putnam's life was very nearly the price paid for this amusement. The reports of the fowling pieces were heard by a party of ambushed French and Indians numbering about four hundred and fifty. In the conflict which followed, Caughnawaga, a powerful chief, sprang upon Putnam, who led the front column of the rangers and engaged in a hand to hand fight. Putnam's gun missed fire, and Caughnawaga, brandishing his hatchet over him, forced him to surrender. Dragging his victim into the forest, where he lashed him to a tree, the chief then returned to the battle. The tree to which the Major was tied stood between the fires of the Eng-

lish and the enemy, and it was almost a marvel that he escaped the rain of bullets that crossed each other as they whizzed by from opposite directions in line with the tree to which he was tied. Balls struck the tree, some passing through the sleeves and skirts of his coat, yet not one pierced the body of the brave ranger.

Sometimes a young Indian would come to the captive and amuse himself by throwing his tomahawk at his head, and once a petty French officer leveled a fusee at his heart; the thing missed fire, and his cowardly tormentor struck him a terrible blow in the jaw with the butt end of his gun and then left him.

The English were too strong to be forced, and the enemy retreated. Putnam's captors then untied him, loaded him with luggage, stripped him of coat, vest, shoes and stockings, and marched him in this cruel fashion over many a painful mile until they halted for a rest. After some consultation the prisoner was led into the depths of the forest, stripped and bound to a tree. He fully realized what this meant, for he knew Indian methods too well not to know that his captors intended to roast him alive. As they piled dry brush and fuel round him in a circle, chanting what was meant for a funeral dirge, he prayed for strength to die bravely, and made a mute

farewell to all he loved on earth. The fires were kindled, but a sudden shower quenched the flames, but they soon rekindled it into a fierce circle of flame. At this moment, when his fate seemed sealed, a French officer rushed through the crowd of shrieking, gesticulating savages, and, making a path through the flaming brands, unbound the prisoner. It was the commanding officer of the allies, who heard through an Indian that Putnam was to be burned. Through the horror of this dark story this Indian's friendliness is the one gleam of humanity, and it is pleasant to think that he who bore the tidings to Molang was a chief who had once been a prisoner of Putnam's, and who had received from his captor very kind and generous treatment.

Gratitude, the redeeming trait of the savage character, touched the chief's heart, and at all hazards he determined to save the American's life. When Major Putnam was sent with other English and Colonial prisoners to Montreal, he received special kindness through the influence of another prisoner, Colonel Peter Schuyler of New York, for whom the French had great respect, on account of his wealth and military rank. Two weeks later he was exchanged on Colonel Schuyler's request that the "old man who could do no good here or anywhere else" should be allowed to go home with him.

If the French officials had known that this "old man" was only forty years of age and one of the most distinguished soldiers of the American forces, they would probably have held him prisoner until the end of the war, but luck and Colonel Peter Schuyler worked together for his liberation.

Colonel Schuyler placed in Major Putnam's care a Mrs. Howe and her children, who had been prisoners and sold to a French officer by the name of Saccabee. It is very pleasant to read how he led the little ones by the hand, carrying them in his arms over the swampy grounds and streams of water; how he divided his food with the widowed and the fatherless, his strong, gentle nature delighting in aiding and protecting the weak and helpless.

One can easily imagine what joy there must have been in the Connecticut home at Pomfret when the released prisoner, the scarred veteran, the loving husband and father, at last rejoined his family. A new baby stretched out its tiny hands to welcome the parent she had never seen; four young daughters and a sturdy son hung upon the words of the hero-father who had come back almost as one from the dead.

But there was one shadow that darkened the happiness of reunion, for Daniel, the older son, had died on the very day that his father was rescued from the

stake by Molang, August 8th, 1758, a date of twofold memory, thenceforth, in the family calendar.

The year 1759 saw the plans for a triple campaign matured, Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Quebec—the last expedition under General James Wolfe—being the points of attack decided on. Success attended each of these ventures. Ticonderoga was taken at last, and Crown Point had been abandoned before the glorious victory at Quebec, which cost the lives of the heroic Wolfe and the dauntless Montcalm.

By water as well as by land the English continued to win victory after victory, and it was Putnam's daring and wit that helped to achieve success on more than one occasion. It was he who really took a warship in the St. Lawrence when the English were in great anxiety, their armed vessels being behind. Putnam, who saw that General Amherst, the English commander, was in great distress of mind, went up to him and said, "General, that ship must be taken."

"Aye," replied Amherst, "I would give the world if she were taken."

"I'll take her," said Putnam. This remark must have sounded very curious from a land officer.

Amherst smiled. "How?" was his reply.

"Give me some wedges, a beetle [a large wooden

mallet], and a few men of my own choice," said Putnam. Amherst complied with this modest demand, though very probably he thought it a most foolish undertaking. That night Putnam and his chosen men went in a boat under the vessel's stern, and it was but a moment's work to drive the wedges into the little crack between the rudder and the ship. Then he and his men rowed back through the darkness.

Next morning she was adrift, her sails fluttering helplessly about. Very soon she was blown ashore, where she was easily taken the next day by a thousand men, who in fifty bateaux moved rapidly forward to board her. On the same day another warship of the French, the *Ottawa*, was taken also.

Montreal finally capitulated, and half of the continent changed from French to English ownership. Canada was conquered. George the Third was now—1762—at war with Spain. Charles III of Spain and Louis XV of France had joined forces to stop the growing power of England, which had lately gained much territory in America. This agreement between Charles and Louis was called the "Family Compact," because both of these kings belonged to the House of Bourbon. After conquering Canada, the English attacked and captured the island of Martinique, and then the West Indian

islands, and the next step toward the possession of the entire New World was an attack upon Havana, which belonged to Spain, an ally of France. In the March of 1762 a fleet of two hundred vessels sailed from England and reached the east end of Cuba in June. Forty of these vessels were armed ships of war. Besides the fleet, the Earl of Albemarle commanded eleven thousand soldiers. Reinforcements were expected from the North American colonies, but these were not yet arrived.

Connecticut responded to Great Britain's call for men, and agreed to furnish twenty-three hundred able-bodied and effective men. Phineas Lyman was appointed by the Assembly Major-General of the forces. Next to Lyman's name on the list is that of "Israel Putnam, Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment."

On August 11th Havana surrendered, and it is interesting that Colonel Israel Putnam brought back with him from the conquered city an Orderly Book, in which was inscribed a daily record from August 28th to October 16th, 1762, of all that was required of the American troops in Havana after the surrender. One entry is of special interest, for it shows that these Puritan Provincials were ordered to show respect for the religion of the inhabitants. When Colonel Putnam returned home he brought with

him a negro slave whom he had rescued from a cruel Spanish master. The Spaniard was beating poor Dick most unmercifully with a bamboo cane, when Putnam rushed forward and wrested it from his hand. As a consequence he was obliged to escape as quickly as possible to one of the English ships at the wharf, for an angry mob had gathered to wreak vengeance upon the foreigner for his rash interference. Dick followed his deliverer and begged so piteously to go aboard, that Putnam consented, and the faithful negro became his faithful servant for life. At his death the bamboo cane was bequeathed to Dick, who, for many years after his master had gone to his last reward, used to hobble about the streets of Brooklyn, Connecticut, leaning proudly on "Massa's cane."

The next eighteen months were passed peacefully on his farm, but in the Legislative records of Connecticut, dated March, 1764, one may read that "This Assembly doth appoint Israel Putnam, Esq., to be Major of the forces here ordered to be raised in this Colony for his Majesty's service against the Indian natives, who have been guilty of perfidious and cruel massacres of the English." When there was fighting on hand Putnam's name was always one of the first to be called to the front. Pontiac, the powerful chief of the Ottawas, had sent war belts to

the Indian tribes far and near, and had made allies of very nearly all the tribes between the Allegheny Mountains and the Mississippi River, besides the Senecas, one of the Six Nations. Atrocities followed, and it was in General Bradstreet's expedition against these enemies that Putnam and the Connecticut soldiers served. This was his last military service until the outbreak of the American Revolution. The war against Pontiac ended in 1764.

During the years that followed, from 1764 to 1772, the soldier-farmer led a peaceful and prosperous life, though the shadow of death had twice darkened his household. A daughter died within two months of his last home-coming, and in the following spring he lost his dearly loved wife, Hannah, who left an infant of three months. It was this latter affliction, Livingston, his latest biographer, suggests, that caused him to become deeply religious, and six weeks after his wife's death he became a member of the Congregational Church.

Putnam had always been somewhat democratic in principles, so that when the question of the Stamp Act was raised he, with the rest of the Colony, sent a memorial to England stating "Why the British Colonies in America should not be charged with 'Internal Taxes.'" Foolish George III and his unwise advisers, in spite of the signs of discontent,

went obstinately on in their course of unjust interference and imposition, and the hated Stamp Act now was passed by Parliament and received the assent of the King. When the news of its enactment reached America there was a storm of wrath. While north and south the voices of the people were raised in protest, Putnam, who had joined a secret society of workingmen called the "Sons of Liberty," was taking a leading part in Connecticut. In the papers of the New York Historical Society there is a letter from a British officer, who wrote: "By advices from Connecticut matters are arrived at greater lengths than in any other province, having already provided themselves with a magazine for arms, ammunition, etcetera, and 10,000 men at the shortest warning for opposing the Stamp Act, all under the command of a Connecticut man called Col. Putnam, one that has received his Majesty's money, having been employed during the war as a British Colonel." When the Stamp Act was repealed there was general rejoicing that the breaches between Crown and Colony had been healed.

In 1767 Colonel Putnam married Madam Gardiner (Deborah Lothrop Gardiner), the widow of John Gardiner of Gardiner's Island, New York, by which marriage he won new social dignity.

The Colonel was so popular and his new wife so



ISRAEL PUTNAM.

agreeable that their hospitality was greatly overtaxed. So much so that with Yankee thrift he moved his establishment to Brooklyn Green and hung out a sign: "Public Entertainment." The sign had the figure of General Wolfe in full uniform, and is to-day one of the most interesting relics in the rooms of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford. Besides being host of the village inn, Colonel Putnam was further honored by being voted bell ringer of the Meeting, at "the price of three pounds." A curious bit of history this seems in the light of our present ideas of social distinctions, but life in 1772 was a very simple affair indeed, we may infer. The relations between the Colonies, and especially the town of Boston, and England were of course very much strained after the affair of the Boston Tea Party and the Boston Port Bill. General Gage, under whose command Putnam had fought in the French and Indian War, was now Military Governor, and twenty ships of the line and twenty regiments were being held by Great Britain in readiness to send across the sea if submission was not very soon made.

All the Colonies did what they could to show their sympathy with the Bostonians, and Colonel Putnam came up from Connecticut with a flock of one hundred and twenty sheep for the citizens in

case things came to such extremities that they suffered for food. On the Common, where the British headquarters were, the bluff, blunt American officer met Lord Percy, General Gage, and many officers with whom he had been a brother at arms.

The Britishers warmly welcomed their old comrade, and joked him about coming down to fight. One officer asked him if he did not believe that an army of 5000 British veterans could march through the whole continent of America. "No doubt, no doubt," replied Putnam, "if they behaved civilly and paid well for everything they wanted; but if they should attempt it in a hostile manner (though the American men were out of the question), the women with their ladles and broomsticks would knock them all on the head before they got half through."

Under all this jesting there was serious meaning, and the English soon found out the Connecticut farmer and soldier was not far wrong. Putnam and his son Daniel were plowing in a field when a messenger brought the Colonel word that the British had fired on the militia at Lexington, killing six men, and were on their march into the country.

Israel Putnam did not stop to unyoke his team, but mounted a horse and started out to give the alarm. He was ordered by Governor Trumbull to go straightway to Boston. Eighteen hours later he

was in Concord, having ridden in that time a hundred miles.

Returning to Connecticut, the Assembly appointed him Second Brigadier General, only two officers ranking him. From this moment began an uninterrupted term of signal service to his country. Washington recognized in him a bold leader, and the younger officers looked up to the veteran of the French and Indian War with respect and admiration. About the Battle of Bunker Hill there has been much controversy in regard to the commanding officer in that engagement. "There seems to have been no specific direction in regard to the general command in the Charlestown Peninsula, in case of an engagement there with the enemy, issued by General Ward," writes Livingston, the latest biographer of Putnam. "His orders to Prescott," continues this writer, "related only to the special duty of building and defending the redoubt itself. Patriotic interests, however, outweighed military technicalities. Putnam was preparing to go on the field to exercise by virtue of his rank such authority as the pressing emergency might demand." It was in this glorious defeat, as we may call the Battle of Bunker Hill, that the noble young Warren was killed. This young hero ranked Putnam, but he had declined the command, leaving that officer the ranking officer.

But through the din and roar and blood and agony of that fierce battle there were here and there instances of remembered love and comradeship between those who were now engaged in conflict. Major Small, a British officer, was alone and surrounded by a body of American soldiers who were leveling their guns at him, when Putnam rushed in and striking up the muzzles of their guns with his sword called out: "For God's sake, my lads, don't fire at that man. I love him as I do my brother!" While General Abercrombie, who was being borne from the field mortally wounded, gasped, "If you take Putnam alive, don't hang him, for he's a brave man!"

Washington, who formed a strong and lasting friendship for Putnam, used frequently to consult with him. One day Putnam, who was inclined to be rather fidgety, kept walking back and forth, looking out of the window.

"Pray, General Putnam," said the Commander in Chief at last, "pray be seated. We wish your advice in regard to this plan."

"Oh, go ahead and plan your battle," was the reply. "*I will fight it!*"

"Old Put," as he was affectionately called by his men, could not spell as well as a first-grade public schoolboy to-day. He used to write official letters

beginning "Dear Majir," and "Ginral," but those to whom these epistles were addressed knew that every word, no matter how it was spelled, was to be trusted, for bravery, honesty, and exactness were the three chief traits of this man's character.

On the 17th of May, 1790, he was seized with an illness which ended his life two days later in Brooklyn, Connecticut, where he lies buried beneath a tablet slab.

He had lived to see peace established and the independence of his country assured. He had tasted the fruits of a useful life and had enjoyed the respect, affection, and admiration of a nation.

Though Massachusetts may claim Putnam as a son of her soil, Connecticut has an equal claim upon his character, for his deeds of daring enriched her annals and added fame to her roll of patriots.

Dauntless in courage, true in spirit, Christian in living, simple in manner, loyal in friendship, he will live forever in the history of America as one of her immortal heroes of national liberty.

MOLLY PITCHER.

OLD Monmouth Court House in New Jersey, where the famous battle of Monmouth was fought in the year 1778, preserves many stirring tales of Revolutionary days among its yellowed records. Tales of the "Pine Robbers," who spread terror and destruction along the Jersey coasts, and who made the farmers in the neighborhood live very anxious lives—tales of those old days when British Tory and American Patriot were at feud in house and home as well as on the bloody battlefield.

But among these stories of long ago none stirs the blood with a warmer thrill of admiration than that of brave Molly Pitcher, whose heroism on Monmouth field has found a lasting record in the pages of American history.

Some time toward the middle of the eighteenth century there came to America from Germany an emigrant by the name of John George Ludwig, who settled in the colony of Pennsylvania. Here—in the town of Carlisle, probably, though the exact locality of her birth is not positively known—there was born to John George Ludwig, October 13th, 1744, a little blue-eyed daughter, whom he called Mary.

Little Mary grew up tall and strong and healthy, with the fair complexion and red hair of her German ancestors, and a good deal of their love of home and country. The Ludwigs being poor, Mary became a servant girl in the family of Dr. William Irvine, an Irish gentleman who was living in Carlisle. This Dr. Irvine, who had come to the Colonies as surgeon on board a British man-of-war, afterwards became an officer in the Continental or American Army. He was one of the most zealous of the patriots, and it was due to his influence that many of the colonists of Pennsylvania were aroused to a spirit of independence and a realization of the necessity of asserting and defending their rights. This was no easy task, for a great number of these colonists belonged to the Society of Friends, a religious sect that was opposed to war upon any conditions, and also because most of the proprietary owners were in favor of the Crown.

It is on account of General Irvine's nationality, perhaps, that the earlier historians of the Revolution supposed Mary Ludwig to be Irish—a mistake set right by recent investigation.

It was while in General Irvine's household, no doubt, that "Molly," as she was familiarly known, first learned to love the country of her birth, and there was sown the seed of that patriotism and loy-

alty that was one day to make the humble servant girl a soldier and a heroine.

In July of the year 1769 Molly left the roof of her master and became the wife of a barber by the name of John Hays. Whether or not Molly fired her barber with warlike ambition is an open question, but at any rate Hays was commissioned gunner in Proctor's First Pennsylvania Artillery, on the 14th of December, 1775, changing the peaceful occupation of cutting off hair with shears to the more exciting one of cutting off heads with cannon balls. With a loyalty born of devotion and unselfishness, Molly determined to follow her husband; so when Gunner Hays marched off with Proctor's First, Molly marched with him.

Through the din of battle, the heat of summer and the cold of winter, the gunner and his faithful wife followed the fortunes of the American army, but it was not until the retreat of our forces at Fort Clinton that Molly's first deed of daring became a byword in tent and camp.

Finding that it was necessary to leave the enemy in possession, Hays started to fire his gun as a parting salute to the British. In the rush and confusion of the moment he dropped his lighted match. There was no time to lose, and there was danger of being captured, so he did not stop. Molly, who was behind

him, seized the match from the ground, ran to the gun, touched it off, and then scampered down the hill as fast as her legs would carry her, to join the soldiers. This happened some months before the famous battle of Monmouth.

Down in Monmouth, meanwhile, the people were busy defending themselves from the attacks of the "Pine Robbers," and never dreamed that there would ever be any fighting in their midst.

The murmur of the sea on the one side and the murmur of the pine forests on the other made a melody of nature that shut out the distant roar of warfare, and so the tramp, tramp, tramp, of the British army that suddenly aroused them must have been a very great surprise.

The arrival of a French fleet, with the gallant young hero, Lafayette, had startled Sir William Howe, who was at that time holding Philadelphia in siege. Sir William and his red-coated officers had been having a gay time in the old Quaker city; there had been balls and dinners and a great carnival during the winter, and when Dr. Franklin, who was with the American Commissioners in France, heard of all this gayety, he remarked shrewdly: "Howe has not taken Philadelphia, but Philadelphia has taken *him*."

When the French fleet landed, and he knew that

France had acknowledged America as an independent government, Howe began to think like Dr. Franklin, perhaps.

Preparations were made to raise the siege of Philadelphia at once, and Sir Henry Clinton succeeded to the command of the British army, with orders to go to New York by water. This plan of route was changed, however, and so it came about that the line of march was through the Jerseys, and so it happened that old Monmouth became the scene of conflict. The line of the British baggage wagons was twelve miles long, and the sandy roads made its progress slow.

When Washington heard of Clinton's changed route he determined to march forward and head him off.

Arriving at a little place called Allentown, the English commander found the American force at his front. He pushed on, and on the 27th of June encamped at Monmouth Court House on rising ground that was hemmed in on all sides by woods and marshes. General Washington, after grave deliberation, decided to risk the fight, and, although the battle was hotly contested and indeed almost lost three separate times, the American army was victorious. That memorable Sunday, the 28th of June, 1778, was the hottest day of the year. The

heat was so great that the soldiers were ordered to take off their coats, yet through the heat and dust and smoke and blood, Molly, the gunner's wife, carried water to her husband and the soldiers on the field, all day. The little spring from which she fetched the water was at the bottom of the hill, and, instead of a pail, she brought it in a *pitcher*. This, most probably, was the origin of her name, "Molly Pitcher," among the soldiers, a name that from that day has become historic.

There had been a fierce charge of the enemy's cavalry on Hays' gun, and just as she was returning with a refreshing draught for the almost perishing men, she saw her husband fall mortally wounded. Rushing forward she heard an officer say, "Wheel back the gun; there's no one here to serve it."

Checking the blinding rush of tears, Molly threw down her pitcher and seized the rammer of the gun. "I'll fire it," she said, and taking her place beside the dead gunner's cannon she filled his place during the rest of the day. The story of the brave deed has been told in verse:

"'Wheel back the gun,' the gunner said,
When like a flash before him stood
A figure dashed with smoke and blood,
With streaming hair, with eyes aflame,
With lips that falter the gunner's name,

'Wheel back *his* gun that never yet,
His fighting duty did forget?
His voice shall speak though he be dead,
I'll serve my husband's gun!' she said.
Oh, Molly, Molly, with eyes so blue,
Oh, Molly, Molly, here's to you!
Sweet Honor's roll will aye be richer,
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher!"

The next day General Greene sought for Molly, and had her up to General Washington, who praised her for her courage and who presented her then and there with the commission of sergeant in the Continental Army. As the half dazed Molly stood before the great general in her soldier's coat and cap, cheer after cheer for "Sergeant Molly Pitcher" went up from ten thousand throats. It must have been a stirring scene—stately Washington and the blood-stained, smoke-begrimed figure of the gunner's wife, who was now an officer and forever a heroine—a scene that must to-day thrill the heart of every boy and girl who reads the story of American history!

"Next day on that field so hardly won,
Stately and calm stands Washington
And looks where our gallant Greene doth lead,
A figure clad in motley weed—
A soldier's cap and a soldier's coat
Masking a woman's petticoat.
He greets our Molly in kindly wise,
He bids her raise her fearful eyes,

And he hails her there before them all,
Comrade and soldier whate'er befall,
And since she has played a man's full part,
A man's reward for her loyal heart!
And Sergeant Molly Pitcher's name
Be writ henceforth on the shield of fame."

The battle of Monmouth was the only battle of the Revolution in which every one of the thirteen Colonies was represented, so Sergeant Molly's is a matter of national as well as local pride.

For eight years she did her humble part in the great struggle, and when the war was over she went back to her old home in Carlisle, where she engaged employment as a nurse and where in later years she kept a little shop.

One can easily imagine how Sergeant Molly's shop was a favorite place for the boys and girls of the town to gather on winter nights, when she would sit behind the counter and tell them about that dreadful winter at Valley Forge where Washington's brave men suffered from cold and hunger; or on summer evenings how the children would cluster about the veteran's knee and beg to hear again the story of Monmouth.

To the soldiers she was always "Captain" Molly—and the French officers and soldiers admired the woman soldier so much that whenever she passed their lines her sergeant's cocked hat would always

be filled with French coins. As she grew old Molly grew garrulous, and she was very fond of rehearsing these old stories of her soldier life.

She made an unfortunate second marriage, taking for a husband a worthless scamp of a fellow by the name of McCauley or McKnolly, who lived on her sergeant's half pay and her hard earnings.

By an especial act of the State Legislature she was given a pension of eighty dollars a year. This act was passed on the 27th of February, 1822. She died in 1823.

In 1877 the people of Cumberland erected a monument to Sergeant Molly's memory. The inscription reads:

"Molly McCauley,
Renowned in History as Molly Pitcher
The Heroine of Monmouth.
Died January, 1823, Aged 79 years.
Erected by the Citizens of Cumberland County
July 4th, 1876."

There is more than a thrilling story in this woman's life, there is a lesson of endurance, loyalty and courage, and more—the lesson of a life not spoiled by praise and popularity.

"Oh, Molly, Molly with eyes so blue,
Oh, Molly, Molly, here's to you!
Sweet Honor's roll will aye be richer,
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher!"

NATHAN HALE.

THE brief history of the life and death of Nathan Hale, the boy martyr of Connecticut, is the very saddest story of our Revolutionary War ; but the record of those twenty-one years bears a message to every boy of American birth, for it is a record of purity of purpose, unselfish devotion to country, and deathless courage.

On the 6th of June, 1755, there was born in the little town of Coventry, Tolland County, Connecticut, a boy baby whose hold on life seemed so slight that he was not expected to live. This boy was Nathan Hale, the sixth child of Richard Hale and his wife, Elizabeth Strong Hale. Despite the prophecies of doctors and nurses, however, little Nathan lived, though he was during childhood a frail little fellow, giving but small promise of the physical strength and beauty for which he was afterward noted.

A strong love for out-of-door sports and athletic exercises was the chief factor, no doubt, in developing the fragile child into a youth of uncommon vigor of mind as well as body, for young Hale

soon showed an ambition to excel in his studies as well as in his games and sports.

His grandfather, who was a physician, and his great-grandfather, who was a clergyman, were both college-bred, having been graduated from Harvard, so Nathan's fondness for books came by right of heredity, as did the strong fiber of Puritan thought and character that was a part of his personality.

The Hales came down by descent from the Hales of Kent, England, whose coat-of-arms consists of three broad arrows feathered white on a field of red—a device strangely suggestive of the pure young life so swiftly ended by a violent death. Mr. and Mrs. Hale had decided that the ministry was the profession for which their son seemed especially fitted by nature and inclination, so they placed him under the care of the Reverend Mr. Huntington, one of the most eminent Congregationalist divines of his time, and under that good man's direction young Hale prepared for Yale. So diligently did the youthful pupil apply himself to his tasks, and so earnest was his tutor, that at the age of sixteen Nathan Hale was ready to enter college. He was graduated from Yale in 1773 with the highest honors of the University, and carrying with him the respect and affection of the faculty as well as his associates. Indeed, his gracious and gentle manners won the love of those

who knew him best and gained for him an entrance into the most aristocratic circles of New Haven society. Immediately after leaving Yale he taught school at East Haddam, and in 1774 he was appointed the first preceptor of the Union Grammar School at New London, Connecticut, an institution where boys were prepared to enter Yale.

Few lives seemed more peaceful than that of the young schoolmaster, who was, meanwhile, making ready to become a preacher of the Gospel of Christ. How little did he dream that the lesson and the sermon he was to leave to the world would be the sacrifice of a life in the service of his country! When the news of the battle of Lexington reached New London, there was great excitement among the people. A meeting was called at once, and it was the voice of the young schoolmaster that rang out with those stirring words that still echo down the corridors of time: "Let us march immediately and never lay down our arms until we have obtained independence!" This was the first time that Americans had heard the call to arms in a public assembly, and the call came from Nathan Hale, who was so soon to seal his faith with his blood. That must have been a dramatic scene in the town hall of New London that day. One can imagine the stern looking men gathered in anxious knots, all heart-

stirred by the strange news, yet scarcely knowing just how to express the thought in their minds, when the slender figure of Nathan Hale, his gentle face aglow with enthusiasm, his fair hair making a golden halo about the white brow, stepped forward and dared to utter those burning words. The next morning he was back in the school-room, where he prayed with the boys as was his custom, and where he resumed the course of his daily work; but from the moment that he said: "Let us march!" a new purpose had come into his quiet life. Destiny was bearing him forward with long strides now—unto the end. Very soon after, he enrolled as a volunteer, and was shortly after appointed a Lieutenant in Colonel Charles Webb's regiment. Going to Boston, Lieutenant Hale took part in the siege of that city, and was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct.

The year 1776 was a hard one on the soldiers of the Continental Army. On one occasion the men determined to go home at the expiration of their time, for there was no money to pay them. With the unselfishness that was always a characteristic of Hale, he offered to give them his month's pay if they would consent to stay and fight for the cause he so ardently loved.

When the British evacuated Boston, a greater

part of the American army went to New York, and it was there that the youthful captain of Webb's regiment performed a deed of daring rarely equaled in the records of the great American war.

There was a terrible lack of food among our men, not enough tents to shelter more than a third of them, and almost no provisions for clothing them. The affairs of the Continental Army were as bad as possible. At this time there was anchored in East River, New York, a British sloop, lying under the protection of the man-of-war *Asia*, and this sloop contained provisions. Gaining permission from his commanding officer, Captain Hale undertook the capture of this sloop, an undertaking of the greatest danger. He managed, however, to infuse his own spirit of daring into a few of his comrades, and with a handful of trusty followers he embarked in a whaleboat at midnight and made directly for the sloop. Darkness favored the dangerous venture and Hale and his men drew up alongside without being seen by the *Asia* or the sloop. In a moment he and his men had boarded the sloop, taken the sentries and guards prisoners, and were bearing off the prize! Cheer after cheer greeted the brave fellows—who were no doubt “marines”—as they hove in sight, and the provender on board was immediately distributed among the half starv-

ing American soldiers. Soon after he was made captain of a company of Connecticut rangers which was known as "Congress's Own."

There are conflicting statements in history concerning the latter part of Nathan Hale's army life. According to some authorities he took part in the battle of Long Island and in Washington's famous retreat across the East River from Brooklyn. It is certain, however, that he was with the troops in New York when the British raided Long Island.

It was at this time that Washington found it absolutely necessary to get accurate information, if possible, concerning the plans of the English, also a knowledge of the exact number of their forces. At the house of Mr. Robert Murray, on Murray Hill, he, therefore, called a meeting of officers to talk over the state of affairs and to form some plan by which such information might be obtained. The officers listened in silence to his plan, which was to send some trustworthy, bold man across the lines to find out the facts it was necessary to know. It would be necessary in order to accomplish this most dangerous commission, to go in disguise. Every man in that group knew the meaning of those words. Every cheek paled. If the venture failed and the messenger was captured, by the rules of warfare he would certainly be executed as a spy. The word

spy is a horrible word to an honorable man. No one volunteered to risk a death of shame. For some moments there was a hush in the room. Then a voice broke the silence: "I will undertake it, sir," and the voice was that of young Nathan Hale, who was just up from a sick-bed. A thrill of admiration pulsed through every heart, followed by one of dread. It was but a boy, a stripling, who had offered to risk a young life that was full of promise for the cause of American liberty. The older men did all they could to dissuade him, but Nathan Hale was firm in his resolve. "Gentlemen," he said calmly, "I owe my country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the commander of our armies. I know of no mode of obtaining the information but by assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully aware of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary."

That same night he left the camp at Harlem Heights dressed in the brown garments and broad-brimmed hat of a school-teacher seeking employment. He was accompanied as far as Norwalk by Sergeant Hempstead and his faithful servant, Ansel Wright, who arranged to have a boat awaiting him

there on the twentieth of the month, when he expected to return. His charm of manner soon won the confidence of the people he met on the way, and in this disguise he entered the British lines, where he made drawings of the fortifications on thin paper, which he concealed between the layers of the soles of his shoes. He also secured the complete plans of the British campaign, which he wrote out in Latin and hid in the same way. Everything seemed to favor his hazardous undertaking. He had reached Norwalk, where he was to find the boat ready for him the next morning, and the young officer was serene in the thought that he was out of danger at last.

Spending the night at a farmhouse, he went the next morning to breakfast at a little wayside inn, "The Cedars," kept by a widow, and which was known as the "Widow Chichester's." During the meal a man entered the room, looked steadily at the guest, and then left. Nathan Hale, who suspected no danger, finished his meal and then hurried off toward the beach. A boat was approaching, and he expected to find Hempstead and Wright awaiting him. As he approached he recognized the boatmen as British marines, and turned to fly. "Surrender or die!" called a voice, and he was seized and taken aboard. He knew then that the man at Widow Chichester's had betrayed him, and that his fate

was sealed. When taken before General Howe at the house of James Beckman, he was searched. The papers were found in the soles of his boots, and he was convicted as a spy.

The Provost-Marshal, Cunningham, into whose hands the young American prisoner fell, was a brutal man. He ordered that Nathan Hale should be hanged at sunrise the following morning. He was confined under a strong guard in the large greenhouse of the Beckman mansion, which stood on the present site of Fifty-first Street and First Avenue, New York City—a spot that should be revered by every American citizen.

Hale asked to be allowed to write letters to his mother and to Alice Adams, his promised wife. The request was granted, but Cunningham tore up the letters before his eyes. He asked for a minister of God and the Bible, but both were refused him. Afterward Cunningham excused himself by saying he destroyed the letters because he did not want the Americans to know they had a man who could die so bravely. It is due to Howe to state that Cunningham acted independently in this matter. In the early Sabbath morning of September 22d, 1776, Nathan Hale was hanged as a spy. With coarse brutality the Provost remarked: "Make your dying speech." Hale had been praying. He

lifted his eyes upward and said in a clear voice: "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Sobs burst from those who heard him, and in a rage Cunningham called out: "Swing the rebel off!" The order was obeyed, and so died the boy martyr, for martyr he was.

HAYM SALOMON.

It is not often that a child grows up bearing out in his deeds and actions the significance of the name that was given him by his parents at birth.

The name "Haym" means, in the Hebrew, "Life," and is frequently used by Israelites of all nations. To a little Polish Hebrew boy, who was born in the year 1740, this name was given, and Haym Salomon grew up to typify its beautiful meaning in his relations with those around him.

The persecutions and cruelties suffered by many generations of his unhappy race had developed in him, as in all of his people, a peculiar talent for all branches of trade and commerce, and an equally peculiar and passionate love of that freedom and justice from which tyranny and prejudice had always debarred the Israelites, or Jews. So we find that not long after coming to America, the home of his adoption, Haym Salomon had amassed a large fortune. From the little shop in Front Street, in Philadelphia, Haym Salomon, the Jew broker, carried on a traffic that extended from the great ports of the distant East to the shores of France, Italy,

Spain and America. Like Antonio, the Merchant of Venice, a great part of his "fortunes were at sea," yet still there was no man in Philadelphia who could at that time command such sums of money as Haym, the Jew. In spite of his business as a merchant and broker, Haym Salomon was a man of a great deal of consequence apart from the influence he naturally exerted as one of the richest men in the city. He was an intimate friend of the famous Kosciuzko and of Pulaski, on whose staff he served, and he was the esteemed friend and adviser of Robert Morris, who owed to his advice much of the success that attended his financial ventures.

When in 1775 the Colonies were aroused to a sense of the injustice done them by the mother country, no heart in America beat with a stronger throb of patriotic devotion than that of the Polish Jew broker. As early as that year he became obnoxious to the British government, and was taken prisoner and confined in that loathsome prison called the Provost, in New York, where so many brave Colonists suffered. But his patriotism first became generally known in 1778, when he was made prisoner by Sir Henry Clinton. The charges brought against the Polish-American hero were that he had received orders from General Washington to burn the British fleets which lay in the harbor and to

destroy the British storehouses, both of which he had, it was charged, attempted to do, to their "injury and damage." He was therefore tried for being a spy, and sentenced to death. The situation now seemed hopeless, because of the fact that he was generally known to be a confidential agent of the American patriots. Gold, the talisman of the Jew all over the world, in the shape of a large bribe effected an escape from the execution of the sentence of death.

General Robertson, who had him taken as a spy, was induced by Lieutenant-General Hiester to allow the Jewish prisoner to be given into his charge, as the Hessian commander was anxious to make use of the Pole's knowledge of the French, Russian, Polish and Italian languages. This, General Robertson finally agreed to do, and Haym Salomon was appointed to the position of purveyor for the officers in the Commissary Department. In spite of the fact that his death sentence had been remitted, the Jew was still regarded with great suspicion by the British, and the money aid that he gave to a number of French who made their escape, together with his close association with some of the Hessian officers who were inclined to resign, at length placed him in great danger again. Discovering that the British guards were in pursuit of him,

he eluded them and escaped from New York on the 11th of August, 1778. The incidents of that flight would be interesting to all readers of American history, but the Senate Report of the 31st Congress, in which his transactions with the American Government are recorded, merely states the bare fact, and, with the singular and rare modesty of the man that was one of his characteristics, Salomon himself tells little more. One can readily imagine the joy in the Front Street home in Philadelphia when its master returned after such dangers; the beautiful and reverential thanksgiving rendered up to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in that home where the religious observances of the old Patriarchal day were kept untouched by time, unchanged by varying circumstances.

But of all these things the fragmentary letters of Haym Salomon tell nothing, for the Jews do not talk much of their religious or their domestic life, and indeed, among this people, the two are so closely interwoven as to make but one.

It was after Mr. Salomon's escape from an ignominious death at the hands of the English and his return to his home in Philadelphia, however, that his most important services to the American cause were given. Most of the important negotiations with the foreign nations that were in sympathy with

the Americans were under the direct control of the wealthy Jew broker of Philadelphia, who also made considerable loans to Robert Morris, and to many noted American officers, among whom were Generals St. Clair, Mifflin, Steuben, and Colonels Morgan, Shee, and others.

This was a very trying time to the new-fledged republic. The cry of hard times went up all over the land, for there was very little money to be had or made while the country was still unsettled and bearing everywhere the marks and scars of war. No wonder was it that Haym Salomon, the benevolent as well as patriotic citizen, whose generosity was equal to his great wealth, should be a power in those days.

Boys and girls of other creeds have, perhaps, a very false idea of the Jewish people as a race. While it is true that the Hebrew money-lenders often make loans at very high prices, and are drivers of close bargains, it must be remembered that they were forced into these avenues of money-getting by a course of persecution that shut them out from agriculture and the professions. Trade only was open to them, and they became the wisest and the richest traders in the world.

So it was that when the delegates to the Constitutional Congress were in Philadelphia without

money or any way of getting it, Salomon the Jew stepped forward and relieved them from their unhappy and needful condition. But for his generous supplying of money and counsel, the illustrious delegation from Virginia—Lee, Bland, Jones, Mercer, and Randolph—would have been in the mortifying situation of not being able to pay their bed, board, and laundry bills. But in these emergencies the Front Street shop was always a place of help and refuge.

Under the date of August 27th, 1782, the brilliant James Madison, afterward President of the United States, writes to Mr. Edmund Randolph, from whom he appears to have received assistance:

“I cannot in any way make you more sensible of the importance of your attention to pecuniary remittances for me than by informing you that I have been for some time a pensioner on the favor of Haym Salomon, a Jew broker.” A month later Madison again writes: “I am relapsing fast into distress. The case of my brethren is equally alarming.” And again one week later he mournfully wails: “I am almost ashamed to acknowledge my wants so incessantly to you, but they begin to be so urgent that it is impossible to suppress them. The kindness of our little friend on Front Street, near the coffeehouse, is a fund that will preserve me

from extremities, but I never resort to it without great mortification, as he obstinately *rejects all recompense*. The price of money is so usurious that he thinks it ought to be extorted from none but those who aim at profitable speculations. To a necessitous delegate he gratuitously spares a supply out of his private stock."

Is not this old letter a vindication of the Jew from the wholesale charge of avarice?

But his service to his adopted country was not confined to helping the agents of the American government. He was also the most confidential friend and adviser to the agents, consuls, and ambassadors who represented the Kings of those countries that were in sympathy with the American Republic. A considerable amount of specie was given by him for the use of the army and hospital of Rochambeau, and the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Marbois, and Consul-General de la Forest received from him large sums. These men were all agents of the generous-hearted, unfortunate King, Louis XVI of France, who did so much to help us. When Count de la Luzerne became Ambassador, he appointed Haym Salomon Banker of the French Government, and he was afterward made Paymaster-General by Monsieur Roquebrune, who was at the time Treasurer of the forces of France in America. This office

he executed without charging a single sou to the French government. So ardent was his patriotic feeling that he freely gave time, labor, money, without price. He maintained from his own private purse Don Francesco de Reden of Cuba, the secret Ambassador of the King of Spain, who was countenancing the American Revolution, but with whose European dominions all intercourse was cut off. With a generosity unparalleled by any other individual, Jew or Gentile, Haym Salomon endorsed a great portion of the bills of exchange for the amount of the loans our government got from Europe, of which he negotiated the entire sums, and he charged "scarcely a fractional percentage" to the United States. It is a curious fact, too, that the American Government never lost one cent of the many millions of his negotiations, either by his mismanagement or from the credit he made to others on the sales he made of these immense sums of foreign drafts on account of the United States.

The amount of the loans advanced to the American Government reached the sum of \$600,000, and one historian states that the loan with its interest would now amount to more than \$3,000,000. Yet the descendants of this truly good and patriotic man have never been able to get their claims settled! In 1892 a long statement of this case was made in

Washington, under the title of a printed article entitled "Are Republics Ungrateful?" Certainly it would seem that the just answer, in regard to this case, would be "Yes."

Worn out by his exertions for his beloved America, and by close application to his own business interests, Haym Salomon died suddenly after a short and severe illness in the forty-sixth year of his age, on the 6th of January, 1785.

The management of his estate now passed into the hands of strangers, all of whom became bankrupt; the public documents containing his account with the government were destroyed during the attack made upon the City of Washington by the British in the War of 1812, and the heirs of the most generous patriot of the American Revolution had no inheritance.

When friends and neighbors were in trouble this alien Israelite was always ready to give help. When other commercial citizens and merchants began afresh their trading after the war, "the little Jew broker" freely gave of his wise counsel and was equally generous with the loan of money. To the heads of the National Bank, trading under the firm name of Willing, Morris & Swanick, he advanced the, at that time, large sum of 64,000 specie dollars without charging a cent of interest.

So in his life he lived out the beautiful meaning of his name, for he was the moving principle, the sustaining power, the vital force, of that band of patriotic Philadelphians who nourished, fostered, and guarded the newborn infant Republic in the "Cradle of Liberty."

BETTY ZANE.

THERE was a thrill and stir of excitement about the streets of old Williamsburg on a certain summer's morning in the year of grace, 1716, for on this day, the 16th of June, a gay cavalcade of gentlemen were setting forth from the Capital of the "Old Dominion," as the Colony of Virginia was called, upon an adventurous quest.

At the head of the booted and spurred cavaliers rode the Governor, Alexander Spotswood, a gallant gentleman who had fought under the famous Duke of Marlborough and had been dangerously wounded at the battle of Blenheim. From balconies, windows, and doorsteps leaned maids, matrons, and sweethearts, to wave adieux to the dauntless little band of thirty, who were about to undertake an enterprise of difficulty and of peril.

As the horses clattered down the streets and the plumed chapeaux of the riders were lost to sight, the watchers turned away sadly and went about their usual occupations with heavy hearts, for these dauntless Virginia cavaliers were setting their faces to-

ward the purple rim of the Blue Ridge mountains—these mountains that guarded the secrets of that unknown western world beyond their grim and mysterious barriers. Nearly three months later, on the 5th of September, the travelers, after crossing the beautiful Shenandoah valley, gained one of the loftiest peaks of the Appalachian range, and on its summit drank a health to King George. Here for the first time stood men of the white race! The party then returned to Williamsburg, and Governor Spotswood established the “Transmontane Order of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe.” To each of the gentlemen who had accompanied him he gave a tiny golden horseshoe set with precious stones. On these badges of honor ran this inscription: “*Sic jurat transcendere montes.*”—“Thus he swears us to cross the mountains.” These little horseshoes were presented by the Governor to any gentlemen who were willing to fulfill the conditions of the inscription, and so it was that the Knights of the Horseshoe opened the rugged path for those who, a half century later, were to settle the Virginia frontier, which at that time stretched westward to the great tract of land called Ohio. Fifty-four years after, in 1770, a solitary Virginian stood on a high bank of the Ohio River just above the mouth of Wheeling Creek, which was soon to be the scene

of a bloody conflict between two races and the abiding monument of a young girl's heroism. This young man was Ebenezer Zane, a native of Berkeley County, Virginia, where he was born October 7th, 1747.

Young Zane lost no time in building for himself a cabin, and then he returned to Berkeley for the family who were now to share his humble home. A wife, two brothers, and a younger sister made up the family party, in which some historians include also the father. Traveling in those days was both difficult and dangerous, so it was not until 1772 that the Zanes started on their long journey westward. The clouds that were so soon to break in the storm known as "Dunmore's War" were already hanging darkly over the frontier region where Ebenezer's log cabin stood, so it was decided that the women of the party should remain in Brownetown, Pennsylvania, while Ebenezer, Jonathan, and Silas pushed onward and took up their "rights" on the Ohio. After this was properly done the family was installed in the rough-hewn log cabin by Wheeling Creek, and Betty Zane began her new life, at the age of sixteen, as nearly as may be reckoned from the scant records.

It was a spot of wild, rugged beauty where the Zane cabin stood. At the foot of a great bluff

gurgled the clear waters of Wheeling Creek; hemlocks, maples, beeches, sycamores, and oaks cast their shadows along its banks and made leafy retreats for the bird choristers in Nature's wonderful cathedral, the forest.

Perhaps the little maiden was lonely now and then. What maid of sixteen would not have been in this far off frontier home? Perhaps she missed her school companions, for it is stated that Betty had been at school in Philadelphia, during the time, perhaps, that the Zanes were waiting in Pennsylvania for Ebenezer to come for them. It may be that she longed to be once more in the Quaker City, which must have appeared a very dazzling place indeed to the Berkeley County girl, but there is no hint of any of this in the curiously brief accounts of the girl heroine.

Restlessness and discontent were not among the ailments of the girls of Revolutionary days. The fact of surrounding danger and the possibility of having to flee from their hardly-won homes at a moment's notice made them cling all the more closely to the rooftree and knit them all the more closely in the bands of family life and love. In the year 1764 the Six Nations of the great Indian Confederacy in the American Colonies, after a pitched battle with the Colonists at Bushy Run in western

Pennsylvania, in which they were defeated, had made a treaty, by the terms of which warfare for a time came to an end. These six nations were the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, and the Tuscaroras. When four years later, in 1768, it was decided to fix a definite line of boundary between the possessions of the Indian natives and those of the English colonists, the chiefs of the several tribes attended a congress or meeting called by Sir William Johnson, the King's Superintendent of Indian Affairs. The meeting took place at Fort Stanwix, now Rome, New York, and the six great chiefs signed the paper of agreement by making their marks.

It was English folly that at last broke the treaty of 1764, after ten years of peace; a blunder for which the colonists had to pay dearly. "Cornstalk," the great Indian chief, had been killed by the whites, who suspected him unjustly, and the savages had begun a terrible war on the Virginia border.

Lord Dunmore ordered Colonel Angus McDonald to go to the relief of the frontier settlers, and in 1774, under the superintendence of Ebenezer Zane, Fort Henry—at first called Fort Fincastle—was built. It was said that the famous General George Rogers Clarke planned this fortification,

which was a parallelogram, with enclosures of pickets eight feet high and with blockhouses at each corner. The fort was built in an open space and its main entrance was through a gateway on its eastern side adjoining the straggling hamlet of Wheeling, which consisted of about twenty-five log houses.

It was three years before the Wheeling Creek pioneers had to use their fort as a place of refuge and defense.

One day in the September of 1777, Colonel Shepherd, who was the military commander of Fort Henry, noticed signs of Indians in the neighborhood, and feeling sure that an attack would be made on the garrison, ordered the settlers to shut themselves in the blockhouses. The next morning savages were observed in the cornfield outside the palisades, and Captain Samuel Mason was ordered to take thirteen of the garrison force and drive them off. The little garrison force numbered only forty-two fighting men, several of whom were old men and boys. From the loopholes of the blockhouses the besieged saw Mason's men cut down one by one by musket ball or tomahawk, until not a white man of the little band of fourteen was left. They saw that a much larger force of savages was upon them than they had supposed.

Mason and one man whom they had seen fall were only wounded, and they escaped by being hidden by the fallen timbers in the field, though they were unable to render the slightest aid, during the particularly long week that followed.

Reduced now to twenty-six defenders, and with a force of from 380 to 500 Wyandots hemming them in on three sides,—the creek on one side with its high embankment formed a little protection—the garrison was in a desperate plight. Yet they fought on day after day, always hoping for the help that did not come. Shepherd knew now that Simon Girty, the renegade, the traitor, the spy, was at the head of that savage horde, and he grimly resolved to die rather than surrender. Girty offered terms if he would yield, but the Fort Henry commander sent this word back by the bearer of the flag of truce:

“Tell your leader, never to *him!* Not while there is *one American to fire a musket.*” Brave words of a brave man, for now only twelve men remained to fight nearly five hundred.

And during this time little Betty Zane was running bullets, as were the other women in the fort, and sometimes firing the muskets to relieve the weary men. Then, one day, the commander stood with white, tight-drawn lips before the dauntless

band. The horrible truth must at last come out. *The ammunition was nearly exhausted.* In a few hours there would not be a ball for those brave hands to load with! What was to be done? Outside the palisades, sixty feet from the fort, stood Ebenezer Zane's log house, and in it was a keg of ammunition. Who would dare risk death from bullet, tomahawk, or by the torture in the face of five hundred foes?

Several men stepped out and offered themselves, but it was a hard matter to decide. Every man's life possessed a hundred fold value that day.

While the volunteers stood in silence before their leader, Betty Zane laid her hand on the commander's arm. "I'll go!" she said, simply.

"You!" he exclaimed in amazement. "Oh, no. You are not strong enough, nor fleet enough, Mistress Betty, besides——"

"Sir," said the brave girl, firmly, "it is because of the danger that I offer. If I, a woman, should be killed, 'twere not so great a loss as if one of these men should fall. You cannot spare a *man*, sir. Let me go!"

And so the matter was settled. The gate was opened and swift as a deer sped the girl through its portals, beyond the pickets, toward the little log cabin. Courage is the virtue most admired by the

North American Indian, and as the five hundred Wyandots saw the flying figure of the brave girl pass directly before them, not a hand was raised to bow or musket, not a man of them fired at Betty Zane. She passed into the cabin and seizing up the keg of ammunition, wrapped her apron about it, and then once more ran the gauntlet of the enemy's fire. And this time there was need for desperate haste, for the Indians guessed her burden and a shower of arrows and shot were sent after the flying figure. But the messengers of wrath and death fell harmlessly about her or broke vainly against the stout walls of Fort Henry, as Betty gained the entrance. The great gateway flew open and a dozen strong arms were stretched out to take the precious keg. Women wept and men sobbed as they realized that Betty Zane had saved the fort.

The next morning at daybreak Colonel McColloch marched with a small force from Short Creek to the relief of the garrison. It was by leaping his horse across the precipice, at the foot of which Wheeling Creek ran, one hundred and fifty feet below, that he gained entrance to the fort.

STEPHEN DECATUR.

WITHIN the hundred years that stretch between the exploits of John Paul Jones during the period of the Revolution and those of Admiral Farragut during the period of the Civil War, it has been justly remarked that the gallant figure of Stephen Decatur is the most conspicuous among the many heroes of the sea who founded and defended the American Navy.

The Decatur family was of Dutch origin, the name de Kater appearing in the genealogical records of Holland, from which country one of the name emigrated to Bordeaux, France, early in the seventeenth century. This Amsterdam de Kater married a French lady of rank, and one of the descendants of this marriage, who was a ship-owner and privateer, was ennobled by Louis XV in 1733.

From this titled ship-owner sprang our American *Decaturs*. The progenitor of the American family, Etienne (the French for Stephen), was also a sailor and privateer's man. He came to Newport, R. I., before the middle of the eighteenth century, and became an American citizen in 1753. In 1751 he

married a widow, a Mrs. Priscilla Hill, whose maiden name was George. Shortly after, he died, leaving his widow with one son, Stephen Decatur, who became the father of the famous Commodore.

This second Stephen grew up in Philadelphia, where he married Miss Anna Pine, the charming and beautiful daughter of an Irish gentleman. He, too, was a sailor, and during the Revolution commanded merchant ships and privateers with brilliant daring and success. So patriotic were the other Decaturs that when the news came that Howe was advancing up the Chesapeake towards Philadelphia, they immediately took up their belongings and sought refuge in a little place called Senepaxent, in Worcester County, Maryland, a few miles from the seashore.

Here, in a two-story log farm-house, the third Stephen Decatur—the Stephen of this story—was born, Tuesday, January 5th, 1779.

After Howe had evacuated Philadelphia the Decaturs returned to their former home. Stephen Decatur, the father, had by this time accumulated a considerable fortune by his privateering and other ventures, so shortly after the war was over he entered into partnership with Messrs. Gurney & Smith, merchants and ship-owners, and in command of one of the firm's vessels, the *Ariel*, made

frequent voyages to Bordeaux and other European ports. These cruises were profitable to young Stephen Decatur, who possessed gentle birth and a handsome person, and had, besides, all the educational advantages that an ample fortune could provide.

He was a pupil of the Episcopal Academy of Philadelphia and also of the University of Pennsylvania.

At seventeen he entered the counting room of Gurney & Smith.

The country was now at odds with France, and the French war soon followed. The depredations upon our vessels by the Algerians had caused Congress to order several frigates to be built. Gurney & Smith were the agents of the Navy Department in Philadelphia, where the famous ship *United States* was built, and to the young Decatur was given the charge of getting out the keel pieces for that vessel, so it happened that he was on board the ship he afterward commanded so valiantly, when she was launched, July 10th, 1797; she was the first of the celebrated ships of the Navy of the United States to reach the water.

When war broke out in 1797, the elder Decatur was commissioned a Captain in the Navy, and now young Stephen's desire to enter the service became

almost greater than he could control. With a regard for his mother which was tender and chivalrous, he forbore to apply to his father or to the department. Old Commodore John Barry, who knew the boy's wild longing for the sea, applied for and secured a midshipman's warrant for the young man, which bore the date April 30th, 1798. Mrs. Decatur's consent was at last won, and "Midshipman" Decatur joined the *United States*. He was now nineteen years old.

It was on this first cruise that Lieutenant James Barron and young Decatur, whom fate had so strangely linked together, both performed deeds of heroism. The former saved the ship from a disastrous wreck by brilliant seamanship, while the midshipman rescued a man who had fallen overboard and who could not swim, by jumping after him and supporting him until both were picked up by boatmen. In less than a year young Decatur was provisionally promoted to the rank of lieutenant by Commodore Barry, and was regularly commissioned in that rank by President Adams June 3d, 1799.

Lieutenant Decatur's second, third and fourth cruises in the *United States* and the *Norfolk* were uneventful, except that during recruiting duty in Philadelphia he fought a duel with the mate of an Indiaman who had insulted him, and whom he

warned he would not kill, but would shoot in the hip, which he did. This practice of dueling was common in those days, and almost all of the naval officers of that period had been "out," as it was called.

The wickedness and folly of making trifling disputes the cause of fatal results sometimes was not recognized by our ancestors, who faced death so often, perhaps, that they did not fully appreciate the value of life.

His fifth cruise was in the Mediterranean as first lieutenant of the frigate *Essex*, under Captain William Bainbridge, Commodore Dale's squadron. During the cruise Decatur was involved in an unfortunate dueling affair, in which he was second to Midshipman Bainbridge, which resulted in the death of the midshipman's antagonist. Although Decatur had really saved young Bainbridge's life, for his adversary was a skilled shot while he himself was almost totally inexperienced as a marksman, the affair made a stir, and Decatur and Bainbridge were both sent home. Four months later he was placed in command of the *Argus*, and in September sailed again for the Mediterranean. In November he joined the squadron of Commodore Preble, and his command was transferred to the schooner *Enterprise*. With this transfer began Decatur's real sea

career. Preble had orders to carry the war into Africa, where the Barbary States had been committing the most insufferable depredations upon our merchantmen. The Mahomedan tribes of Tunis, Algiers and Tripoli really watched and sanctioned cruisers that were pirates, and strange to say most of the European powers *bought* safety from the *Bey*, the *Dey*, and the *Bashaw*, as the rulers of Tunis, Algiers and Tripoli were called, by paying them tribute. Now Commodore Preble was preparing to punish the infidels for depredations upon American ships, so it happened that just after Decatur took command of the *Enterprise* he fell in with the ketch *Mastico*, which was bearing a cargo of female slaves as a present to the Sultan of Turkey. Decatur captured the *Mastico*, with her seventy men. This victory was the forerunner of one of the most daring deeds ever done upon the water.

The beautiful frigate *Philadelphia*, first commanded by Decatur's father, had recently been taken by the Tripolitan pirates, and her gallant captain, William Bainbridge, was languishing in the Bashaw's prison. The *Philadelphia* had run upon a rock in an attempt to blockade Tripoli, so was an easy prey to the *Corsair*, who bore her off in triumph.

This left Preble with only the *Constitution* and some brigs and schooners. The conquerors of the *Philadelphia* were refitting her for service, and Preble knew that when the campaign was renewed in the spring the case of the Americans would be desperate. The *Philadelphia* must be recaptured or destroyed. There was no other way out of the difficulty. Bainbridge had managed to get a letter conveyed to Preble, part of which was written in lemon juice, which, when exposed to the fire, reveals its message. Outwardly the letter was insignificant enough, but Preble was quick-witted. He held the paper before the flame of a candle and read the hint, which was to send out trusty officers and men and blow up the American vessel which lay covered by the guns of the fortress of Tripoli and those of the Bashaw's castle.

Not an easy thing to do, but it must be done. Decatur volunteered to take the *Mastico*, which Preble had re-named the *Intrepid*, and bring back or destroy the *Philadelphia*. This was in 1804, when Decatur was twenty-five years of age.

Preble accepted the offer, for he knew his man. From the harbor in Syracuse, on board the *Constitution*, he wrote the famous order to Decatur to take or burn the captured vessel that was lying guarded by 115 heavy, modern guns and by a gar-

rison of twenty-five thousand men. There were twenty-five war vessels besides on the Tripolitan side—nineteen gunboats, three crusiers and two row galleys—and Decatur had one little fifty-ton bomb ketch, filled with combustibles and a crew of eighty-four armed with cutlasses. In all history there was nothing to equal this venture. For a week the gallant band of tars were beaten back by wind and tide. They had insufficient food, the *Intrepid* was infested with vermin, and there was no proper shelter for the crew. On the evening of February 16th the *Intrepid* gained the harbor of Tripoli. The *Siren*, which was to support the attack, was some distance away, but Decatur was afraid to lose the opportunity of a fair breeze and calm moonlight, so without hesitation he entered the harbor. At half-past ten they were hailed, and Salvatore Catalino, a Sicilian pilot, answered that they were traders from Malta, and wished to “ride by” the *Philadelphia*. To “ride by” means to attach the incoming vessel to the other’s cables. This was done, but soon after the crew of the *Philadelphia* grew suspicious, and the wild cry of “Americanos!” rang out.

The ketch struck the broadside of the frigate with one bound.

“Boarders away!” cried Decatur, and he and

Morris sprang for the chains. Morris was the first American over the rail. On they came, jumping through the gun ports. Preble had written: "It will be well to prevent alarm; to carry all by the sword," and though the alarm was already given the men of the *Intrepid* had determined to carry out the rest of the order. All was confusion. The Tripolitans were cut down before they knew just what had happened. Twenty were killed immediately. Then they broke and leaped overboard. Some ran below to meet a more horrible fate, for the cockpit, gunroom, berths, storeroom forward and berths on the berth deck had been fired by Decatur's men. The work was done so quickly that some of the *Intrepid's* men below narrowly escaped. And now the bold tars must get back to the ketch. Decatur was the last man to leave the burning ship—the ship he would so well liked to have borne back in triumph, had it been possible! Somehow the *Intrepid* stuck fast to the flame-wrapped frigate, when suddenly it was remembered that the stern line was still fast. Decatur and the other officers sprang on the taffrail and hacked with their swords until at last the line broke and the *Intrepid* leaped from the burning ship. Then there went up a cheer that split the night, and mingled with it were the sounds of cries, drums, trumpet calls,

alarms from ships, forts, and the town. Suddenly amid the din a flash shot skyward, lighting the sky, followed by a fearful crash! The deed was done. The beautiful *Philadelphia* had perished by the hands of those who loved her best. When Lord Nelson heard of this, he said: "It is the most bold and daring act of the age." Henceforth Stephen Decatur was one of America's heroes. He was immediately promoted to a captaincy. It was in a fight with these Tripolitans that his younger brother, Lieutenant James Decatur, was treacherously killed by a Tripolitan commander, who had surrendered to him. Decatur avenged his brother by slaying this Tripolitan in a hand-to-hand conflict afterwards, in which he very nearly lost his own life, however. When Preble was relieved by Commodore Barnes, he turned the command of the *Constitution* over to Captain Decatur. That was glory, indeed! To be commander of "Old Ironsides" at the age of twenty-five.

In 1806 Captain Decatur married Miss Susan Wheeler, of Norfolk, Virginia, and this marriage was very happy, though not blessed by children.

When the War of 1812 broke out Captain Decatur had command of the *United States*, and on the 25th of November of that year captured the British frigate *Macedonian* after a desperate fight.

Long years before, he had said to Captain Carden, the *Macedonian* commander, in reply to a statement that though the Americans were "clever" they could not stand against the English Navy: "The flag of my country will never be struck while there is a hull to man it from." Carden, no doubt, remembered this during that terribly contested battle.

It was during this fight that ten-year-old John Creamer came up to the mast and begged for his name to be put on the muster roll.

"Why?" asked Decatur.

"Because I want some of the prize money when we take her," said the audacious boy, and Decatur got a midshipman's warrant for John when the action was over.

In 1815 he was obliged to surrender the *President* to an English squadron because his vessel had been badly injured before starting off, but as this was one defeat to a great many victories, the Navy department received him with open arms and many demonstrations when he appeared in Washington.

Five days after the Treaty of Peace which ended the War of 1812, President Madison recommended a declaration of war against Algiers. Again Decatur had victory after victory, and finally compelled the submission of the *Bey*, the *Dey* and the

Bashaw. Through his efforts America had put down piracy.

It was like him to answer the challenge of an Algerian vessel: "*Dove andante?*" ("Where are you bound?") with his accustomed defiance: "*Dove mi piace!*" ("Where I please!").

It is a sad thing that this splendid man should have come to so tragic an end. Becoming involved in a quarrel with Commodore James Barron, who had been under suspension from the Navy, matters came to such a pass that a duel between the two officers occurred. In this affair, which so easily might have been averted, Stephen Decatur, the hero of the *Intrepid*, was mortally wounded on the 22d of March at Bladenburg. As he fell, he remarked, "I am mortally wounded, and I wish I had died in defense of my country."

Barron, who was only slightly wounded, said, "I forgive you." A curious thing to say to a man he had killed. At ten o'clock that night Decatur died; honored, esteemed, loved by all who knew him best and an idol of the people. The President, the Cabinet, the Chief Justice and the Senate and House attended his funeral. Commodores Rodgers, Porter, and MacDonough, of the Navy, and General Brown, of the Army, were among his pall bearers when he was laid away temporarily in the

vault at Kalorama, the country seat of Joel Barlow. To-day he sleeps beside his parents in St. Peter's Cemetery, Philadelphia.

He was an Episcopalian in faith and a regular church attendant.

Brave, loyal, steadfast, tender and true, he has been fittingly called the "Bayard of the Sea."

DOLLY MADISON

THERE are few figures on the canvas of American history that stand out with such undimmed charm as that of beautiful Dolly Madison. Certainly not one of those kerchiefed dames of the early republic made her public and private life a better example of American womanhood to American girls of the succeeding generations than the bright-eyed Quaker girl-widow who became hostess of the White House in 1809.

By the chances of a parental visit, it was in the Province of North Carolina, under the reign of King George the Third, that Dolly Payne was born on the 20th of May, 1768.

By lineage and residence, however, she had good right to call herself a "child of Virginia," for her parents returned to their Hanover County plantation while she was but an infant, and it was at an old field school in Hanover that she learned her A B C's. Tripping along the woodland paths of her plantation home, coming close to nature and enjoying the simple, healthful pleasures of country life, the little Dolly passed her early childhood.

Her grandfather, John Payne, was an English gentleman who came to Virginia and married Anna Fleming, a lady of Scotch birth, and who was descended, it is claimed, from the Earl of Wigton, a Scottish nobleman. Her father, John Payne, junior, married Mary Coles, the daughter of an Irish gentleman from Ennescorthy, County Wexford, Ireland. This Mary Coles was on the maternal side descended from the Winstons of Virginia—a family noted for brilliant intellect and aristocratic lineage. Indeed, it is reasonable to suppose that much of Dolly Payne's conversational gift was a legacy from these Winstons. Her mother's cousin, Patrick Henry, the orator, was said to have inherited his talent from his brilliant mother, Sarah Winston, while another cousin, Judge Edmond Winston, was a local celebrity.

Of the three strains of blood, English, Scotch and Irish, that flowed in Dolly Payne's veins, the Irish appears to have predominated. The rose-leaf complexion, the laughing blue eyes, the clustering curls of jet black hair, the quick wit, generous heart and persuasive tongue,—all these were legacies from the County Wexford ancestors; the gentle queenliness of bearing was an inheritance from the high-bred, long-pedigreed Winstons, while the sound judgment and common sense, that was the

real source, perhaps, of her success, came to her from the sturdy Scotch branch of the family tree.

The "Cousin Dolly" for whom Dolly Payne was named was the lovely Dorothea Spotswood Daindridge, granddaughter of the famous Governor, Sir Alexander Spotswood of Virginia, and also descended from the Winstons. Curiously enough, this "Cousin Dolly" married two of Dolly Payne's mother's cousins—first Patrick Henry and, after his death, when her little namesake was nine years old, Judge Edmond Winston, making a bewildering maze of cousins as they used to do, and still do, down in Virginia.

Dolly Payne's father was a Quaker, so little Mistress Dolly wore her ashen-colored gowns down to her toes and the queer little Quaker bonnets and plain white kerchiefs prescribed for those of her sex by the decree of the "Friends," as they were called. But this sober dress was not to her mind, it seems, for we read that she wore a gold chain about her neck, under the folds of her kerchief—a sin she confessed to the old black "Mammy Rosy," who no doubt scolded her for such an impropriety, and then petted her and consoled her with an extra allowance for some particularly longed-for dainty.

It was on account of John Payne's religious belief that he set free his negro slaves, sold his

plantation, and moved his family to Philadelphia, where he hoped to find more sympathy than was to be had from the Virginia cavaliers. The date of this event comes down to us through the diary of one of the Paynes' neighbors. Mistress Elizabeth Drinker sets down under the date "July 9th, 1783" this fact: "John Payne's family came to reside in Philadelphia."

At that time Philadelphia was the metropolis of America. There were four thousand houses and thirty-two thousand inhabitants. The State House, the Old Court House, Christ Church and Carpenter's Hall must have seemed very grand to the Hanover County, Virginia, maiden, who little dreamed of the part she was to play in the social world of the new republic.

Near the Governor's house, at Shockamaxon, on the Delaware, the "Treaty Elm," where William Penn, with a blue sash about his waist, held a council with the Indians, was still standing in those days. John Payne found his financial position much embarrassed after the sale of the Virginia plantation, and was no doubt glad when a desirable suitor in the person of young John Todd, a Quaker also, and a rising lawyer, asked for the hand of Mistress Dolly. Mistress Dolly herself was not enthusiastic in the matter, but she finally yielded to her father's

desire and was married to Lawyer Todd on the 7th day of January, 1790, in the Friends' Meetinghouse on Pine street. No minister, no bridal veil, no bridesmaids at this wedding, no throwing of old shoes, nor any of the merry-making her gay nature would have liked, perhaps.

Soon after John Payne died, leaving his widow so straitened in means that she had to take in some gentlemen to board.

Three years later John Todd died of the yellow fever that swept over Philadelphia, and Dolly Todd was left a young widow in poor circumstances and with one child,—Payne Todd,—who was in after years to sadden and shadow her life.

In about a year after John Todd's death Aaron Burr, who had been an inmate of Mrs. Payne's household, introduced the young widow to James Madison, who had already made a wide reputation.

Mrs. Todd wrote to a friend in quite a flutter that Mr. Burr was going to bring "that great little Madison" to call upon her.

The "great little Madison" called, and in the words of a biographer: "He came, he saw—*she* conquered."

Shortly after Mrs. Washington sent for Dolly and questioned her about Madison's attentions, strongly advising the youthful widow to accept him

as a husband. This advice being to the widow's mind, she did so at once, receiving the President's and Mrs. Washington's hearty congratulations. Dolly's sister had married George Steptoe Washington, the President's nephew, so there was a connection in the two families.

The second marriage was solemnized at "Harewood," the estate of her brother-in-law, in Virginia, September 15th, 1794.

From Harewood they went to Montpelier, Madison's home in Orange County, Virginia, traveling over a distance of a hundred miles by coach.

Madison always spelled Montpelier without the double "l," so it seems fitting that biographers should do likewise.

It was through his wife's influence that he was induced to hold his seat in Congress until the end of the Washington administration, which occurred in 1797. With it ended Dolly Madison's life in Philadelphia, for Madison did not come to take part in National affairs again until Jefferson became President in 1801, and in the meantime the seat of Government had been moved to the north bank of the Potomac River, and the Capital was called Washington in honor of the nation's chief, who had died in 1799. The man who had framed the Constitution of the United States and was known as



DOLLY MADISON.

the "Father of the Constitution" was needed, and Jefferson appointed Madison Secretary of State. From this time began Dolly Madison's social reign in Washington. From that time she became a power to be reckoned with, in political games, for though she made no effort to mix in affairs of State, her influence was felt indirectly in matters of great importance.

In 1809 Dolly Madison's husband succeeded Jefferson as President, and she realized her ambition by becoming the "first lady of the land." She was always equal to the occasion. When shy, awkward youths came to the White House, it was she who put them at ease. When editors of the opposition party grew most bitter, the President's wife was always unfailing in her undemonstrative courtesy and attention to their wives. In her drawing-room opposing elements met and she smothered away the friction with one of those rare smiles or a pleasant word. To have Mrs. Madison offer one her snuff box was enough to turn enmity to friendship. Even during the trying period of the war of 1812, when Madison was torn to pieces by the peace party, she was the most popular person in the United States.

The story of her cutting out Washington's portrait from the frame, when the British were about to enter the Capital, is a pretty enough story, but it

is not true; she had the frame broken because it had to be unscrewed and there was no time to lose, but one of the servants actually did it.

But, notwithstanding, she was a bit of a heroine to stay in the White House until the enemy was actually upon her. Madison had gone with the Cabinet from Washington, leaving orders that Mrs. Madison should remain until she received a message from him telling her to quit the city.

This she did, staying until General Ross was marching on to Washington. Then she received a penciled note from the President, advising flight. A dinner party was to be given that very evening, and the British invaders found places set for forty guests, the meats smoking hot before the kitchen fire and the wines ready to serve when they entered the White House. They sat down, ate the good dinner, and then set torches to the public buildings of the city. Dolly Madison had saved some important papers and what few valuables she could cram into her old-fashioned reticule.

If President Madison, who though a great statesman, was no man of war, had showed her coolness and judgment, much of the ridicule to which he was exposed would have been avoided.

But when peace came there were bonfires, balls, and rejoicing throughout the country.

e/ The President's family was now established in the Taylor Mansion, on the corner of Eighteenth Street and New York Avenue, and here Dolly Madison dispensed liberal hospitality to the throngs of people who came to greet the head of the Government and to rejoice at the good news.

Mr. James Blaine wrote of her: "She saved the administration," but that perhaps is too great praise.

At all events, she held greater social and political sway than any other woman of our history. And through it all, she kept pure, and high, and unselfish. It is this that makes her life an example to the girls of our own day and generation.

In the midst of her greatest social glory she had one great grief—her son—Payne Todd, the "American Prince," who had his mother's charm but not her nobility.

After Madison's two terms were over, he returned again to Montpelier, where he lived until the year 1836, when he passed out of the world in which he had left so lasting an impression.

After his death Dolly Madison returned to Washington, where the remaining twelve years of her life were spent in the house now owned by the Cosmos Club, but which is still called "Dolly Madison's home."

Here the old lady, now in poverty, for Montpelier

had been sacrificed to pay the gambling debts of her unworthy son—but still retaining her old tact—received attention from everybody who resided in or came to Washington.

The nation settled a goodly sum upon her, gave her the “franking” privilege and voted her a “seat in the House.”

When she died her funeral was conducted with pomp that has marked no other American woman’s last rites. The clergy, the Senate, the President and Cabinet, foreign diplomatic corps, judges of the Supreme Court, the officers of Army and Navy, and the Mayor and Corporation of Washington, attended. It was a pageant. In late years her body was removed to Montpelier.

Dolly Madison died July 12th, 1849. She lies in a somewhat neglected spot within the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and reviewing her pure, brave, beautiful life-record and the courageous way she met the great grief of her life, we like to think of her words to a young relative, “Nothing in *this* world is of much moment, my dear.”

The soft Southern tongue is silent forever, but as Mrs. Fields has said of Lady Tennyson—“the memory cannot be effaced of one lady who kept the traditions of high womanhood safe, above all possible deteriorations of human existence.”)

STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER

LYING on both sides of the River Prince Maurice, as it was called in the old days of Dutch rule, and now known as the Hudson River, stretched in 1777, the vast "colonie" or estate of the boy Patroon, Stephen Van Rensselaer. Its seven hundred thousand acres of land had come down by inheritance from the times of Heer Director Killian Van Rensselaer, who had reigned over all this territory like a prince or feudal lord, independent of all authority except that of the Dutch West India Company, which had undertaken to colonize that part of America which they called the New Netherlands, but which we know to-day as New York.

The great Manor House of Rensselaerswyck, with its broad halls, its low ceilings, its tiled fireplaces, and its stair wainscoting; its stores of fine table linen, massive silver and quaint delft ware from Holland across the sea, had been a sort of baronial castle, from which Heer Killian and his descendants had dispensed both hospitality and justice to the Indians who brought their furs to his doors, and to the hundreds of tenants who farmed

his lands, fished in his streams, and plied their trades and crafts within the boundaries of Rensselaerswyck, as the estate was called.

Now, in 1777, young Stephen Van Rensselaer, a lad of thirteen years, was master of all these broad acres, for he was the last of the Patroons of the Dutch New Netherlands, now a colony of Great Britain, and called New York.

There had been many changes since 1630, when the first lord of the Manor had held sway in the great, rambling, peaked-roof house. The flag of the Rensselaers no longer floated from its gables; the cannon that stood on the hill no longer boomed defiance nor proclaimed warfare from the fort. Albany, almost within its boundaries, was now quite a town, presenting an appearance of thrift and comfort. But in spite of all these changes, the tenants of Rensselaerswyck were still loyal to their little landlord, the "boy Patroon," Stephen Van Rensselaer.

The Dutch are a people who cling to old customs, old manners, and old ways of living and thinking, and so it was that even in 1777 there was a great deal in the village of Albany to remind one of the days of Dutch rule, when the Patroon's word was law; days when a great-great-grandfather of Stephen, who was, like him, a boy Patroon also,

quarreled with sturdy Peter Stuyvesant, the "Director" of the "Colonie," and in the struggle lost a part of Rensselaerswyck.

Old Albany had been a peaceful enough burgher town in those days. The Dutch "Haus-vrouws" (housewives), with their dairying, poultry-yards, their neat little garden of tulips and pinks to weed and tend; their dyeing, spinning, weaving, and the endless knitting of scarlet-clocked stockings, went about in their bright petticoats and calico caps, quite contented with themselves and their simple but cozy homes. The honest, if a trifle slow, burghers, too, were perfectly satisfied if their fur trading prospered, if there were good catches of fish, and if the wood-chopping made good progress, for these were the things that kept the men busy.

On the whole, life in this Dutch village—for Dutch it was for generations after the English flag floated over it—was wholesome and pleasant.

It is restful to think of those long, cold Winter nights, when the burghers and their wives and little ones slept warmly between their plump feather beds, turning over drowsily as the "klopper mann," or night watchman, shook his watch rattle at each door, as he passed, calling out the hour and the state of the weather.

At the Manor House, of course, living was on a larger scale, with something of pomp and elegance as well as ample comfort, for the wealthy Patroon families held somewhat the places of princes among the people even after their real power was gone.

So quiet was the life in Albany that the good burghers, as well as their highborn neighbors, received a rude shock when the news came one summer day that Ticonderoga was taken, and the more dreadful tidings to them, perhaps, that the Indians were on the warpath.

This was, indeed, enough to make every citizen of Albany turn pale, for the horrors of the massacre of Schenectady, in the early times of the "Colonie," had been handed down from father to son, and all knew the terrors of Indian warfare.

In spite of the fact that New York was in manners, customs, and characteristics Dutch, though the flag of Great Britain had waved triumphantly, with the exception of one short interval, ever since that day in 1664 when old Peter Stuyvesant stood up with a face pale as death and said, as he saw the boat launched that was to carry the papers of capitulation to the Englishman commanding the besieging fleet: "I had rather be carried to my grave than to have seen this day!"—the people of Albany were,

in 1777, for the most part loyal to the American cause.

The situation of the colonies seemed at this time almost desperate. Ticonderoga was taken; St. Clair was defeated, General Burgoyne, the English commander, was on his way to the Hudson, and the Indians were about to rise. Truly it was a time for even the bravest hearts to falter.

Now, little Stephen Van Rensselaer, the thirteen-year-old boy Patroon, was too young, perhaps, to quite fully understand all that these tidings meant, but his boyish heart thrilled with a desire to do something for his country.

"I am just a boy," said the little Patroon to himself, perhaps, as he gazed over the long stretches of wood and field and hill, with the blue waters of the Hudson running between.

"And sometimes a boy can do something!" As he stood thinking, a tall, dignified-looking gentleman rode up to the door of the Manor House and alighted.

"Have you heard the news, nephew?" asked the gentleman, who was General Abraham Ten Broeck, Stephen's uncle and guardian.

"Is it as bad as they say, uncle?"

The General shook his head.

"I am afraid it is; there is a great scarcity of

food among our men and hungry soldiers cannot fight long." General Ten Broeck sighed as he spoke.

"Uncle," said Stephen, suddenly, raising his head proudly, "I know that I am only a boy, and that a boy can't do much, but by *descent* I am still Patroon of Rensselaerswyck. And, uncle, I have a plan, by which, with your consent, we may help our soldiers a little."

"How, nephew? Remember, the Manor House no longer rules the burghers. If the Colonies become independent you will no longer be a Patroon, even in name. We are fighting for a republic, boy."

"I know, I know," said the lad, "and I had rather be the free citizen of a country of free citizens than to be a Patroon ten times over!"

"Well said, Stephen," said the General warmly, "and now what is your plan?"

"It is this, uncle; to ask the tenants of Rensselaerswyck to give a portion of their grain, poultry, pigs and vegetables to our soldiers. Is it not a fine plan, and won't you give me leave, Uncle Ten Broeck?"

General Ten Broeck stood silent for a moment, and then he said: "It is an excellent thought, and I will ask the tenants of Rensselaerswyck, in your

name, if they will do what you wish." So the matter was settled.

Mr. Brooks, who in his "Historic Boys," is the authority for this incident in the child-life of Stephen Van Rensselaer, gives a graphic account of how the tenants responded to the boy Patroon's request by giving generously of their abundant stores to the half-starving soldiers who were bravely fighting for American independence.

It is pleasant to think how every man of them in that old "colonie" of Rensselaerswyck brought their pork, sausages, cabbages, cheeses, smoked meats, and favorite "sauer kraut" to the Manor House to be packed off to General Washington's men; and pleasant, too, to think of how the hungry soldiers must have given three lusty cheers for the jolly Dutchmen of Rensselaerswyck and the patriotic boy Patroon!

Perhaps, as Stephen sat quietly listening to his uncle and Dominie Westerloo talk over the news of the times, and heard them say what great changes would come if the Americans should conquer their freedom, he may have felt sometimes a vague regret at the thought of losing the power and influence that had come down from his ancestors, but he put away such thoughts, we may be sure, as unworthy of a patriotic boy who loved his country.

Mr. Brooks tells us, too, that Stephen persuaded his uncle and mother to allow him to give to the tenants who had helped to win the campaign of Saratoga by their supplies sent to the weakened and suffering soldiers, a portion of his vast estate, presenting each tenant, or farmer, with a title deed to the land he farmed. Now this was a very large amount of land to give away, but people were willing, in those days, to give up a great deal to show what they felt about American independence. So it fell out that Madam Van Rensselaer, and the good Dominie whom she afterwards married, and General Ten Broeck, all agreed that this was a fine and noble thing for the boy to do, and consented to having the title deeds made out to the Dutch farmers, who were overjoyed to find themselves landed proprietors.

But in spite of war and fighting, boys had to have some knowledge of Latin and mathematics and history, so Stephen's mother and uncle and the Dominie talked the matter of schools and schooling over, as they sat around the polished mahogany table in the big dining-room of the Manor House, eating a good Dutch supper, perhaps, of soft waffles and chopped meat and chocolate, and finally decided that it was time for the boy to be sent where he would learn more than the Albany schools

offered. The College of New Jersey, as Princeton used to be called in those days, was quite a famous place of learning then, as it is now, so it was decided that Stephen should go there to prepare for Harvard.

And what a great time there was, to be sure, getting ready for the journey! Five other boys of Albany, whose fathers were men of wealth and position, were to go at the same time, so there was quite a traveling party made up to make the long and perilous journey from the banks of the Hudson to the Jersey plains. So dangerous, indeed, was the trip, that the boys went under military escort, a thing to make every boy in New York State feel twinges of envy darting through his heart, no doubt, for where is the boy, or was there ever a boy, who would not have enjoyed the thrilling experience of going to school under such very romantic and exciting circumstances?

New York was held by the British at the time, so there were all sorts of wonderful possibilities, and what was most wonderful of all, they met on that historic journey. the stately Virginia Commander in Chief, Washington himself, who bade each boy do his best to become a true and loyal American citizen and make the most of his opportunities in life.

The walls of Princeton were scarred from the shot and shells of British guns, and sometimes lessons would be interrupted by the booming of cannon, but in spite of all these unusual surroundings of school life Stephen Van Rensselaer made such good use of his time that he was soon ready to enter Harvard, from which he was graduated "with honor," just after completing his eighteenth birthday, in 1782.

Returning to the Manor House, his life was quiet and uneventful until his twenty-first birthday, which he felt was the beginning of real manhood and its grave responsibilities, and which was celebrated by a great barbecue. Oxen, sheep, and little pigs were roasted whole over enormous beds of coals that lay in long trenches in the earth, and which had accumulated from great fires kindled days before and constantly replenished by trees felled for the purpose. Fowls, game of all sorts, the vegetables that the season offered and various good things from the larder, cellar, and kitchen of the Manor House were heaped in lavish profusion upon long tables set on the lawns and dispensed in hospitable portions to friends, neighbors, and tenants, who, for miles around, had come to drink a health to Stephen Van Rensselaer, now no longer the boy Patroon, but a citizen of free America.

It was but natural that a young man commanding such wealth and influence should enter into public life at an early age. First a member of the Assembly, then a State Senator, he rose to the rank of Major-General in the militia, and when war was again declared against Great Britain, in 1812, he was the conqueror of Queenston Heights—in which engagement he showed great daring, though the soldiers under his command behaved badly, and the hard-won advantage was lost almost as soon as it was gained.

General Van Rensselaer, who had been urged by his men to cross the Niagara between the frowning bluffs that lay on either side from Lewiston to Queenston, considered this a very important point to be secured by the Americans for a base of supplies and as a place for winter quarters. An insufficient number of boats to carry the soldiers over, however, caused such delay in getting the troopers across that the raw militia, of which about one-half of General Van Rensselaer's force was composed, grew panic-stricken and refused to fight.

Their brave commander was so disgusted with this treacherous and cowardly conduct that he immediately resigned, feeling that the personal daring of the chief officer counted for nothing against the

cowardice and selfishness of half an army. The attack upon Queenston Heights, in spite of its unfortunate termination, was one of the most gallant episodes of the war of 1812, though historians agree that it was ill-judged and too hasty.

Years after, when the Erie Canal was projected, General Van Rensselaer was one of its earliest and most earnest supporters, and the accomplishment of that great enterprise to which New York owes, to-day, so much of her vast commercial wealth and influence, was in a great measure due to him.

But his name will be remembered best and longest, perhaps, by the hundreds of boys who, through the instruction received at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York, have been fitted for the battle of life. This institution was established and endowed by Stephen Van Rensselaer, who for a long time had cherished the idea of giving to boys who were unable to pay for such advantages, a free education in all of the branches of physical science.

With this noble end in view, he first established a course of lectures on subjects of familiar science, for which he paid out of his own pocket.

These lectures aroused great interest in this line of thought. There were boys all around who were very eager to learn, but who were too poor to take

up a scientific line of study. To these the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute was the door to success and distinction, and some of the most prominent men of science of New York owe their fame, primarily, to this good man's useful and noble charity. And so it seems as if every American boy must feel a peculiar interest in this boy who grew up and was a friend to boys.

In 1839 General Stephen Van Rensselaer died, loved, honored and respected by all who knew him, and regretted by hundreds of young men who owed to his generosity their success in life.

It was a brave thing to storm Queenston Heights, but in looking back over the seventy-five years of his life, it was a braver thing quietly to accept the changed conditions from a privileged lord of the manor to the simple rank of citizen of a republic without regret—nay—willingly, freely, gladly.

One likes to think of the boy Patroon, standing that bright autumn afternoon, in his sky-blue silk coat and white satin knickerbockers, his silk stockings and peak-toed shoes, his lace frills and ruffles and ribbons, as the stern Uncle Ten Broeck gave away, for him, a large portion of his estate to the loyal Dutch tenants who had given of their stores to the American soldiers and so helped to fight the fierce Saratoga campaign. The picture is

a beautiful one! A picture to thrill boyish hearts all the world over, for the boy Patroon was that day a boy hero, for it is a braver deed to give up wealth and power for the sake of a noble and just cause than to take a dozen cities!

MARIA MITCHELL

IN the summer of 1818, when the Nantucket Islanders were just beginning to recover from the disastrous effects of the war of 1812, which had very nearly destroyed the whaling industry of the Island, there was born in the little Quaker island village a girl baby, who was one day to make the name of Nantucket known over the world as the birthplace of the first and most famous woman of science in America.

The parents of the small bundle of helpless humanity that arrived in the Mitchell household on the first day of August in that year (1818) would have been very much surprised if they had been told that morning that the baby asleep in her basket-cradle upstairs was to be a learned professor, a discoverer, and the pioneer of women in the field of science in her own country. William and Lydia (Coleman) Mitchell would have laughed at such a prophecy, no doubt, for they were quiet Quaker folk, who would have thought dreams of ambition and worldly distinction unbecoming the humble

followers of "the discipline," as the religious rules of the Quakers, or Friends, were called.

Mr. Mitchell was during a part of his life a school teacher and a bank officer, but he was always an ardent student of astronomy, so it was not strange that little Maria learned something about the stars almost before she learned anything else. For years William Mitchell made observations for the United States Coast Survey, and when the whale ships came in from their voyages the chronometers were always brought to him to be "rated," as it was called. To do this "rating," an instrument called a sextant was used and the observations were made in the little back yard of the Vestal Street house where the Mitchells lived. As the little Mitchells came along, each one in turn had to learn to count the seconds by the chronometer, while their father made the observations and computed the "ratings." This was rather stupid work for most of the children, but for Maria it possessed a great fascination, and, to her, the clumsy reflecting telescope in the back yard was the most interesting object in the whole world.

Afterwards Mr. Mitchell bought a small Dolland telescope, and later on the Coast Survey loaned him a larger and finer one, but the little Dolland was the one Maria used as long as she lived.

As the years went by Mr. Mitchell's sky-studying was made easier by the loan of an "altitude and azimuth circle" from West Point Academy, so, although there were no girls' colleges in those times, Maria Mitchell really had the best of opportunities for thorough scientific study and the most enthusiastic teacher in her father. When Mr. Mitchell gave up his school, in which his daughter had been a pupil, to accept the position of cashier of the Pacific Bank, he still clung to his favorite study, and a little observatory was put up on the top of the bank building and two small, rough buildings were erected in the yard for the transits. This fact would lead us to infer that Mr. Mitchell's ability as a mathematician was regarded as fully worth the trouble of putting up observatories and "transit" houses for his use, or that Nantucket Islanders had a peculiar reverence and admiration for the pursuit of knowledge.

Although rather a slow child at school, both her father and Mr. Pierce, in whose school she was a student, perceived that the quiet little girl had a very decided talent for mathematics. With great good sense Mr. Mitchell determined that she should follow the natural bent of her mind, so he began to teach her navigation and mathematics. Now, navigation was a queer thing to teach a little girl, but

this little girl took a real pleasure in learning all the curious things one must know to be able to steer vessels across the great oceans. Then lessons in astronomy followed, with star-gazing on the house top, learning to make astronomical tables, and much computing and calculating of planetary distances and other wonderful things that would, very likely, give ordinary people headache and vexation.

At the time of the annular eclipse of the sun in 1831, the totality was central at Nantucket. The occasion was important, so out came the window of the Vestal Street parlor, and the telescope—the little Dolland—was mounted in front of it. Not a very comfortable situation had the eclipse chanced to come in winter instead of summer, for Mr. Mitchell had very little regard for degrees of temperature, or prejudice against heat or cold, when there was an eclipse or a comet on hand.

On this particular occasion Maria, who was twelve years old, sat soberly beside her father and counted the seconds as he “observed.”

After leaving Mr. Pierce’s school (Mr. Pierce was the principal, some years later, of the first Normal school established in the United States) Maria Mitchell became an assistant teacher in the institution where she had been a favorite pupil. Professor Pierce had not then published his “Ex-

planation of the Navigator and the Almanac," so the seventeen-year-old girl astronomer had to consult a great many scientific books and reports before she could construct her astronomical tables, which meant a vast amount of work.

After teaching a short time in the Pierce school, she opened a private school of her own in Traders' Lane, but gave it up to take the position of Librarian of the Nantucket Atheneum, where for nearly twenty years she helped to form the taste of young Nantucketers for good, wholesome reading. She took the trouble to read the juvenile books herself, and if any particular one did not seem to her to be fit for her little friends the book was tucked away in some out-of-the-way corner and did not turn up again until the day of the trustees' meeting, when it was always found. The next day, however, the book would again disappear.

The Atheneum librarian received sixty dollars for her services, which were only required in the forenoons and on Saturday evenings, and this sum, which no schoolgirl of to-day would consider worth working for, sufficed to provide Maria Mitchell with clothing and a snug little nest egg beside. One can imagine the earnest-faced, bright-eyed girl sitting in the library during the quiet Nantucket winters chatting with the villagers as they dropped in

to get a book or if, as was often the case, there were no visitors, how she would sit knitting the yard-long stockings that used to keep the rheumatism out of her father's legs, while her eyes traveled over the pages of some favorite book, for Maria Mitchell knew how to make eyes and fingers work on different lines at the same time. Nantucket life in winter must have been very dull for young folks in the old days of strict Quakerism. When the snowstorms came the island would sometimes be as much cut off from the busy world as if it lay in the Indian Ocean instead of close to the Massachusetts coast in the Atlantic. For weeks, during some prolonged cold "snap," as the New Englanders say, there would be no word of communication from the mainland; no incoming craft, no outgoing messenger, for the shoals were dangerous even in fair weather, and not to be dared by the hardiest sailors in the teeth of wintry gales.

Musical instruments were not allowed in Quaker households, but the young Mitchells took advantage of their parents' absence one evening and had a piano brought in and deposited in the "sewing" room upstairs. There was some protest from the elders when they returned home and discovered this unexpected bit of house furnishing, but things were finally settled by Mr. Mitchell's request for "a

lively tune," which was considered, no doubt, an unconditional surrender. The truth was, Mr. Mitchell loved music and color. If the little Mitchells wore the sober garb of the Quakers, there was a bright setting of parti-colored flowers in the garden; roses bloomed on the sitting room walls and the wooden part of the big telescope was painted a bright scarlet.

There was company, too, at the Vestal Street house in the summer season when the island was accessible. Scientific men visited at the Mitchell home—such men as the Bonds of the Cambridge observatory, and Mr. Bowditch and Mr. Bache were frequent guests there—and this association with men of science, no doubt, was a great help to the girl student.

Knitting and studying, helping about the housework, telling the smaller children stories in the evenings, "sweeping the sky" on clear nights and doing it much more thoroughly than the old woman of Mother Goose's melodies who was so particular about carrying her broom along—Maria Mitchell passed the early part of her life doing whatever her hand found to do, cheerfully and happily. The practical study of astronomy is not always a comfortable occupation. Many a night when a cold wind blew in from the sea and the rest of the

Mitchell family would be sitting around a blazing fire in the living room or snugly tucked in their beds, Maria would be up on the house top looking through the telescope at the great shining stars in the far-off sky world that held such interest for her.

One autumn night—it was the first day of October, 1847—there was a little party at Mr. Mitchell's house. The evening was so clear and bright that Maria could not resist the temptation to climb up on the roof and do a little "sky sweeping," as she called her observation. So putting on extra stockings and clothing and arming herself with a lantern, she slipped away from the guests and made her way up to her beloved telescope. She had been gazing up into the heavens for a little while when suddenly she became aware that there was something very like a comet in the sky. Scarcely daring to trust her senses she watched it breathlessly until she was sure that she was right. Then she hurried down to the parlor and whispered the exciting news to her father, who immediately followed up to the roof. Mr. Mitchell looked through the telescope for several minutes before he spoke. At last he said: "Maria, that is a comet, and the discovery is thine!" One may easily imagine the feelings of both father and daughter as they stood alone there, with the quiet little town below them, the great ocean

stretching all around them as far as eye could reach, and the vast sky above them. Both of them were astronomers, and both knew that this discovery meant, if no one else had yet seen this comet, that Maria Mitchell would now take rank among the distinguished astronomers of Europe and America. With a modesty that was a part of the girl's nature, the daughter begged her father to say nothing about what she had seen until she could find out whether she was really the first to observe it. Mr. Mitchell, however, insisted upon writing to Mr. Bond of the Cambridge observatory, and posted his letter by the first mail from Nantucket. This letter was dated October 3d, and mentions that "Maria discovered a telescopic comet at half-past ten on the evening of the 1st instant, at that hour nearly above Polaris five degrees; this evening nearing the pole. It does not bear illumination. Maria has obtained its right ascension and declination and will not suffer me to announce it. Pray tell me, whether it is Georgi's and whether it has been seen by anybody." Mr. Bond at once recognized the importance of the matter, for Frederick VI of Denmark had some years before offered a gold medal for the discovery of a telescopic comet, and now it seemed probable that a girl living in remote little Nantucket was going to get the Danish medal.

The conditions imposed by the Danish king were that the discoverer should at once make public the discovery and that an application for the medal should be made immediately to the king's business representatives in the matter. Now, neither of these conditions had been fulfilled by Maria Mitchell, who knew nothing about them, as they had not been published in the United States; so, although she was really the first astronomer who had seen this comet, there were several other people who had sent in their claims. Mr. Edward Everett undertook to press the claim of the American girl, however, and finally convinced Frederick VII (Frederick VI had died in the meantime) that Maria Mitchell was the rightful claimant to the medal. Father da Vico, in Rome, had seen the same comet; Mr. Dawes, an English astronomer, had seen it, and Madam Rümker in Germany; but they were just enough and generous enough to admit that Maria ought to have the medal, so it was sent over to her with due pomp and ceremony, and from that day the comet she had discovered was called "Miss Mitchell's comet."

Of course Maria was now a celebrated person. A year later, in 1848, she was elected to membership by the "American Academy of Arts and Sciences," the first and only woman ever admitted to that august body. The secretary of the society

seemed to have some doubts about the propriety of the proceeding, however, for he rubbed out the printed word "Fellow" on the diploma and put in its place the words "Honorary Member." Some years afterwards her name was printed among the list of "Fellows" of this Academy, and also was enrolled in the list of the "American Institute" and the "American Association for the Advancement of Science."

Maria Mitchell made two visits to Europe, where she was entertained by the most famous astronomers of England, France, Germany, Russia, and Italy.

After her return from the second European trip she found her mother's health very poor, so she devoted herself to the care of the invalid until earthly care was no longer needed. She then removed from Nantucket to Lynn, Massachusetts, where she and her father took their observatory and telescopes and worked and studied together as of old, Maria still knitting the old gentleman's long stockings as she pored over the book on the table before her.

About this time Matthew Vassar, the son of an English wool grower and beer brewer, who had early in the century come to New York, was making ready to establish the first women's college in

America. This Matthew Vassar had been, as a little boy, so opposed to the idea of being a brewer that he had run away from home to keep from going into that business. His mother, who used to drive a wagon about the neighborhood, helped the twelve-year-old boy off, for she did not want him to be a brewer either.

Well, years afterwards Matthew came home to find the brewery burned and his father's affairs in a very bad state, indeed. He opened a little oyster shop and worked from morning till night to make a living. Finally, an Englishman who had some money offered to lend him enough to establish a brewery. Whether he had changed his mind about brewing or not, cannot be known now, of course, but at any rate he accepted the Englishman's aid and made a very large fortune out of his brewery. Then he decided that he would like to do something for the good of humanity. He looked about him to see what was most needed and what would do the most good in the world. At that time there was not a women's college in existence, and he said to himself: "Why not establish a college where girls who have the talent and the inclination may enjoy the advantages of a scientific and classical education?"

But the idea was not popular. People said girls were not strong enough to learn the classics and the

sciences. Matthew Vassar was sure that he was right about it, however, so he made his arrangements and endowed Vassar College for young American women, giving a half million of dollars for that purpose. The result proved his wisdom. The new college was thronged with earnest workers from the beginning, and Vassar has sent out from its walls some of the best equipped teachers in the world. As soon as the observatory of the college was completed the question arose: "Who shall receive the chair of Astronomy?" And to this there was one answer only—"Maria Mitchell." So the position was offered to and accepted by Miss Mitchell, whose old father accompanied her to her new home, and Maria Mitchell became a great power in the institution, wielding an influence that is still felt by those who studied with her. Strong of purpose, requiring the best work, yet of ready sympathy and of quick wit, she commanded both the respect and affection of her pupils, who to this day remember the "Dome Parties" at Vassar as the happiest recollections of their college life. For nineteen years Miss Mitchell made computations for the American Nautical Almanac, and was sent to Denver, Colorado, to observe the eclipse there in 1878. When making preparations for this journey, she asked a Denver friend who was visiting her if she

had a bit of land behind her house in Denver where she could put up her telescope. "Six hundred acres," was the reply, so with this ample provision of space she set out with her pupils for the long journey across the continent. Besides her regular work, Miss Mitchell found time to write several articles on scientific subjects for the leading magazines. Of herself she said: "I possess only ordinary capacity, but extraordinary persistency," but the record of her remarkable life shows that she possessed genius of a very unusual kind. Among her friends were Mrs. Somerville, Humboldt, Struve, Leverrier, and Sir George Airy of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, England. In Rome she received a permit from Cardinal Antonelli to visit the famous Roman Observatory, an honor denied Mrs. Somerville, Sir John Herschel and his daughter. Maria Mitchell cared very little for dress. She used to tell her pupils that all the clothing she had on cost but seventeen dollars, and that four suits would last a year. The Vassar girls smiled, but none of them ever followed their teacher's example.

Mrs. Kendall, Miss Mitchell's sister and biographer, tells a bright little story showing that the woman astronomer was witty as well as wise. One day she was driving out with the famous actress, Charlotte Cushman, and a Miss Stebbins. They



MARIA MITCHELL.

passed a large building which Miss Mitchell explained had been a boys' school, but was now a hotel where they charged boarders five dollars a day.

"Jupiter Ammon!" exclaimed the great tragedienne. "No," said Miss Stebbins, "Jupiter Mammon!"

"Not at all," remarked Maria Mitchell, "Jupiter Gammon."

Miss Mitchell's diary and letters show that she had considerable literary ability; she tells interesting stories about the people and places she saw in her travels, and gives delightful glimpses of the home life of the great people she had met. Of one important personage she remarks: "The first thing he said to me was: 'How many stockings do you wear when you are observing, Miss Mitchell? Caroline Herschel puts on twelve pairs.'"

After seventy-one years of hard work and remarkable achievement, Maria Mitchell, who may be called the heroine of industry, passed out of the world where she had left the impress of genius and, what is better still, the impress of a noble and unselfish life. She died on the 28th of June, 1889, and was buried in the island village where she was born and where most of her quiet life was passed.

The roll of the surf against the shores of Nantucket beats a low refrain as the sea-gulls hover and

circle under the cold, gray skies; the white-winged fishing smacks come and go as of old, and the golden stars that she used to watch now keep vigil over the grave of one whose soul found peace in the study and companionship of "the spacious firmament above."

DOCTOR KANE

To young people the life of an explorer is of more interest, perhaps, than the life of any other man, for youth is the time of energy, action, curiosity, and hero worship. Deeds of daring, feats of physical strength, endurance of hardships, and encounters with unknown perils are the themes that have inspired admiration in the hearts of boys of all nations and all times since the world began.

When the hero of daring exploits undertakes his journeyings into strange lands and mysterious dangers with a higher object than the mere gratification of a natural love of adventure, then indeed something much better than admiration must be given him—respect; and when his object is the relief of suffering and the adding of knowledge to the world, to admiration and respect gratitude must be added.

The boy reader who has pored over the thrilling tale of Elisha Kent Kane's voyages into the regions of the North Pole, the strange land of ice and snow, solitude and darkness, in search of Sir John Frank-

lin, may be surprised to learn that the man who dared to go on that dangerous errand was small of stature, slight of build, and, from boyhood, the victim of a painful and fatal disease—enlargement of the heart.

Elisha Kent Kane was born in the city of Philadelphia on the 3d of February, 1820. His father, the Honorable John Kane, was descended from John Kane, an Irish gentleman, who came to America in 1756 and who married a Miss Kent, the daughter of the Reverend Elisha Kent, a Puritan from Massachusetts. One of his great-grandmothers was Martha Grey, a staunch patriot during the Revolution, who did so much to aid and comfort the American prisoners who were confined in the Walnut Street prison in Philadelphia, that she was accused of being a spy and ordered to leave the city. She appealed to Lord Howe, however, and the order was withdrawn and Mistress Grey continued to feed the half-starved prisoners until Lord Howe beat his hasty retreat out of the city of "Brotherly Love."

The grandfather of the arctic explorer married a Van Rensselaer of New York, and the father, Hon. John Kane, married a Miss Leiper. This lady was of Scotch blood and a descendant of Martha Grey, the patriotic Philadelphia matron.

So, there flowed in Elisha Kane's veins the blood of Ireland, Holland, England, and Scotland, but for a hundred years before his birth all these strains had merged into good, strong American blood.

From Ireland came the gift of a tender and generous heart and the impulsiveness of his restless nature; Holland donated sturdy endurance; England and Scotland joined in the legacy of cool judgment and steady executive ability.

As a boy Elisha Kane disliked study and the restraint of control. He was what people nowadays call a "difficult child," and it must be confessed that his youthful ventures gave his mother many and frequent alarms. The tallest trees, the house tops, the church belfry, were the points upon which he literally achieved eminence, and the neighbors all agreed that if ever Elisha should distinguish himself it would be in the circus ring.

When he was about ten years old his heart's desire was to climb to the top of the kitchen chimney, the smokestack of which had been carried up like a shaft for sixteen feet above the roof in order to protect the draught from the eddy of the higher buildings that flanked it. "Where a cat or a squirrel can go, *I* can go," said Elisha to himself, so he secretly set to work to make the attempt. Providing himself with a clothes line, to which he

had fastened a stone, and accompanied by a younger brother whom he was educating on the same line, the youthful adventurer made his somewhat dangerous trial one night while all of the rest of the family were snugly tucked in bed. One can imagine the triumphant note of exultation when he exclaimed from his pinnacle: "Oh, Tom, what a nice place this is! I'll get down into the flue to my waist, and pull you up, too. Don't be afraid—it's so *grand* up here!"

But "Tom" wisely preferred a sure footing to the "grand" view, so his chance was lost.

Up to the age of fourteen Elisha was decidedly an unpromising schoolboy. Judge Kane at this time despaired of his future, and told him very earnestly that if he would not take advantage of the opportunities for an education that were now given him, he would have to learn a trade by which he could make an honest living for himself. And this, indeed, was the right way to put the case, for every man should be able, either with his head or his hands, to *earn* a livelihood, if circumstances make self-support necessary.

Perhaps this serious talk had a good effect on the lad, who was really not indolent, but whose mental energy had not yet found the right vent. At this time, too, the first symptoms of heart trouble began

to manifest themselves. It was on account of young Kane's delicate health that the University of Virginia was chosen as the most suitable place for him, and because, too, that there the courses of study were elective—that is, the student could choose what branches of study he preferred to pursue. It was under Professor Rodgers of this University, who was making a study of the geology of the Blue Ridge Mountains, that Elisha Kane discovered that his natural bent was the natural sciences. He had found out what he wanted to study, and now he put forth his best efforts to learn the secrets of science. Distinguishing himself in chemistry, mineralogy and other branches of an engineer's education, he decided to become an engineer, but his studies were interrupted by an acute attack of rheumatism. He had to be taken home swathed in blankets, and was dangerously ill for a long and weary time. When he recovered he entered the office of Doctor Harris, a well-known physician of Philadelphia, and began to read medicine. He was now in his nineteenth year, and one may realize how earnestly he must have worked when one learns that he was elected Resident Physician in Blockley, the Pennsylvania Hospital, while he was an undergraduate and before he was twenty-one years old. The unpromising boy was now a young medical student whose thesis

on the "keystein" had won the admiration of the entire medical and scientific world, and "Papa" Kane was no longer afraid of the future.

The young physician's health still continued so delicate, however, that his father applied to the Secretary of the Navy for a warrant of examination for the post of surgeon in the Naval service, believing that a sea voyage and the change of travel would be beneficial as well as agreeable.

There was no vacancy on the roll at this time, but when Mr. Caleb Cushing sailed upon his diplomatic mission to China in 1843, Doctor Kane was appointed one of the physicians of the Embassy and was attached to the *Brandywine*, commanded by Commodore Parker. During the two years that this tour lasted the young Philadelphia physician made a complete circuit of the globe and acquired that taste for travel and adventure that afterward led him to dare the mysteries of the Arctic Pole.

While the American Embassy was detained at Bombay Elisha Kane made some interesting journeys into the interior of India. He explored the cavernous Temples of Elephanta, traveled by palanquin to Karli, went across to Ceylon, joined in elephant hunts and the various wild sports with the natives of the island, and risked life and limb a thousand times over to see something of the real

life of the strange people of the East. But it was in Luzon, one of the Philippine Islands, that his first really famous feat of adventure was performed. On the Pacific coast of this island, in a region inhabited by savages only, lies the terrible volcano of Tael. This spot the bold young American made up his mind to visit, in spite of the warnings that came from every quarter. A letter to the Archbishop of Manila secured from that prelate a band of native guides, and accompanied by his friend, Baron Löe, the little party set forth and made their way to the asphaltic lake in which the volcano is located. Both Kane and the baron went down until they reached a precipice overhanging the crater. Here Baron Löe positively refused to go any farther. Kane determined to go as near to the bottom as was possible and, deaf to the violent remonstrances of the guides and the baron, had himself lowered by means of a bamboo rope held in the hands of the natives under his friend's direction. Down, down, down, he swung himself, until he touched the bottom. Then, loosening himself from the rope, he forced his way through the hot, sulphurous vapors, and over the hot ashes, stooped over the green and boiling lake and filled his specimen bottle with its waters. He had been where no other human foot had trod, and now with a sense of

triumph he tried to regain the rope, but the fumes stifled him; he stumbled, almost fell, but groped on blindly, and with one last supreme effort clutched the rope, managed to fasten it about his body, and gave the signal for the ascent. When he was hauled up he was almost unconscious, and his boots were nothing but bits of charred leather. But this was not the end of the affair, for no sooner was one danger over but a fresh one arose. The natives, who were very angry because they believed the mysteries of Tael to be sacred and that this descent into its depths would certainly bring terrible consequences upon them, together with an infuriated band of pygmy savages, now gathered around the Americans and their guides with the most alarming threats of violent punishment for the sacrilege and insult offered the fire god of the lake. These terrible little creatures had to be dispersed by repeated pistol shots at last, and even then only the sudden appearance of the "padres," or priests, saved the foreigners from a horrible fate, for there was not much ammunition on hand. This was paying rather a big price for a few drops of "specimen" water, and we may well believe that Baron Löe was not in the most amiable of humors for the next few days. Shortly after his return from the East Doctor Kane was ordered to the African coast,

where he was stricken with African fever and had to be sent home.

Recovering from this illness, he offered his services to the government, which had declared war with Mexico, and was sent with dispatches to General Scott, who was in the Mexican capital. It was during this service that an incident occurred that reads more like a page from an old romance of chivalry than like the record of a nineteenth century American army officer. When Kane arrived at Vera Cruz with his dispatches he found that he could not get an American escort to Mexico, so he put himself under the convoy of a Mexican spy-company under Colonel Domingues. The little party met on the way a band of "contra-guerrillas," which was escorting General Gaona and General Torrejon and some other officers. Immediately a fight followed, in which the Mexicans were captured. During the skirmish Doctor Kane's Kentucky charger had taken him between young Colonel Gaona and his orderly, both of whom fell upon him, inflicting wounds. He managed, however, to parry the saber cut of the orderly and to unhorse the colonel. At this very moment the young Gaona called upon him to save his father. Kane turned, to find Domingues about to kill the old man in cold blood. With the generosity and courage that were

his chief characteristics, he instantly attacked the renegades and rescued General Gaona's life at the cost of his beautiful Kentucky horse and a bad wound in his abdomen. Then, as he brought the aged father to his son, he perceived that the younger man was bleeding to death from the wound he himself had given a few moments before. Catching a tablefork and a piece of pack thread, he succeeded in tying up the artery, and saved the lives of both father and son. It is a pretty story how the grateful Mexicans took their wounded deliverer to their own home and how the dark-eyed ladies of the family nursed the young "Americano" back to health.

Not very long after this romantic episode Elisha Kane was called to that which was to be his great life work.

The repeated petitions of Lady Franklin for an expedition to be sent out to search for her missing husband at last found a response in England and America. The result of the widespread interest and sympathy aroused was an organized rescue party, under the authority of Congress and the private patronage of Mr. Henry Grinnell, who generously donated two vessels for the expedition, the *Advance* and the *Rescue*. The purpose of this expedition, which was called the "Grinnell Arctic Ex-

pedition in Search of Sir John Franklin," was to find traces of the lost explorer and his crew, living or dead. The English government had offered a reward of twenty thousand pounds for any such traces, but to the lasting honor of American seamen, every man of the *Advance* and the *Rescue* voluntarily signed a bond to the effect that if they should discover any evidences of the lost Sir John or his men they would *not accept a penny* of the reward. That was a gallant bit of Yankee chivalry that every American boy should be proud to remember.

Of course Elisha Kane was wild to join this expedition, and offered his services at once. His offer was accepted, and he was appointed past assistant surgeon of the *Advance*, which was commanded by Captain De Haven.

As the two little vessels glided out upon the calm breast of the beautiful bay that 22d of May, 1850, cheers from a thousand throats went up from the mass of people that darkened the New York wharf, for this expedition meant more than a venture of science, and the brave men who were going out into the great unknown of the Northern world were going "without money and without price" upon an errand of mercy.

When Captain De Haven saw the battered little

figure of his surgeon he was aghast, for he did not believe so frail a body could stand the hardships of an Arctic voyage. To make matters worse, Doctor Kane was seasick for the first fortnight of the journey, and the Captain was at his wits' end. At last he frankly told Kane that he had better go back in an English transport which they had met, offering to make matters right from a pecuniary point of view. Doctor Kane was indignant and distressed at the proposition. "I won't do it," he replied, and De Haven could do no more than feel very much discouraged. How little did he guess that that little battered body really held the *soul* of the expedition, and that the seasick surgeon would be his stay and comfort through the perils that were to follow!

The story of the sufferings borne by the crews, of the loneliness of the frozen sea, of the gloom of the long Arctic night, of the starvation, the long marches over the ice fields and the journeys in sleds drawn by Esquimaux dogs, and finally of their escape from the ice-prison, is told by Kane in his history of the two Polar expeditions.

The first Grinnell Expedition covered a period of sixteen months, during nine of which the vessels were held fast in walls of solid ice! Traces indeed of Sir John had been discovered by the American and English fleets together—a piece of canvas marked

with the word "Terror" (the name of Sir John's ship) and three graves, one of which bore the name of one of his crew. These scanty evidences were found on Beechy Island, and Kane was convinced that out of the crew of one hundred and thirty, *some* must yet be alive, hidden away with the Esquimau tribes and waiting for rescue to come! De Haven concluded that their supplies would not last through another Arctic winter, so when he found it practicable he set his weather-beaten sails homeward and arrived in New York September 30th, 1851.

So impressed was Kane with the idea that Franklin or some of his men were still alive somewhere in the region of Baffin's Bay, where the graves, the tub, the tin canisters and the bits of clothing had been found, that he immediately began to make preparations for a second arctic journey on the same quest. He lectured and wrote upon the one absorbing subject with so much of eloquence and convincing argument that the Secretary of the Navy again wrote him to start northward, this time to *command* the second expedition in search of Franklin. Again Mr. Grinnell proffered the *Advance* and Mr. George Peabody, an American philanthropist in London, gave £10,000 to the enterprise. The Geological Society of New

York, the Smithsonian Institution, and the American Philosophical Society, all contributed funds to the expedition, and Kane gave his salary to help buy provisions.

With stores of potatoes, hard bread, salt pork and salt beef, fur sleeping-bags, woolens, fur clothing, all the necessary instruments for making astronomical and mineralogical observations, and eighteen brave fellows to man her, the little *Advance* for the second time sailed from New York harbor on the 30th day of May, 1853.

At Fiskernaes, a little settlement on the Greenland coast where seal and shark oils are the staples, and where they eat codfish three times a day, and very little else, Doctor Kane stopped long enough to engage the services of Hans Christian, a boy hunter who was a famous hand with the "kayak" and javelin, and who during the two dreary winters of Polar darkness kept the crew of the *Advance* from starvation very often by his skill as an Arctic huntsman.

At Litchenfels, the quaint little Moravian settlement and the ancient seat of the Greenland Congregations, the Americans were received with that grave and sedate hospitality that marks the manners of people who live remote from their fellow beings. Pressing on to Sukkertoppen,

which means the "Sugar Loaf," Doctor Kane bought there a supply of rein-deer skins for upper garments, the walrus skins serving for pantaloons, and the seal skins being used for waterproof dresses and boots.

At Upernavik, the farthest Danish settlement, the explorers bade farewell to all that held them in touch with the civilized world and steered out for the unknown.

It seems probable, in the light of what we know now, that much of the awful suffering of those thirty months of cold and darkness might have been avoided by a sufficient amount of the right sort of food and a larger supply of fuel, but it must be remembered it was the very mistakes of those pioneers that taught succeeding explorers wisdom.

And there was one element in Elisha Kane's adventurous daring that the readers of his story of the Arctic expeditions cannot fail to note—the reverent faith in God. There is a lesson in the simple records of his diary: "Had prayers before breakfast was served," or, "God make us thankful and give us to our homes again!" And this faith never wavered. When the long night that lasted one hundred and forty-four days closed in upon the ice-bound voyagers, they tried to enliven the drear-

iness by issuing a little paper, appropriately called the "Ice Blink," to which all hands contributed, and there is something infinitely pathetic in this record of brave cheerfulness through such suffering, for the situation was becoming desperate. The salted meats were unfit for the extreme cold of the climate, and unless walrus meat could be got from the Esquimaux at Etah starvation would be their fate. Hans, the honest, faithful hunter, ventured out across the ice fields in quest of walrus, fox, or bear, only to return empty-handed many times over, and at last the *dogs* had to be killed to sustain life, for scurvy, that terrible scourge of the far North, can only be held at bay by fresh animal food, and when one is frozen up in Baffin's Bay with the thermometer registering 60 degrees below zero there is not much chance of getting it. Still the brave men of the *Advance* kept up their discipline, exercised the dogs, sewed, read, made the astronomical observations, and when it was practicable made journeys over the ice fields in sleds drawn by the Esquimau and Newfoundland dogs. Sometimes a party would go out in this way and have to be rescued by some of those left on the brig, and if there was peculiar difficulty or danger in these excursions Doctor Kane was always sure to be one of the party. Then the poor Newfoundland dogs

grew melancholy, lost their senses, and at last went utterly "mad" in that long, long night, and some of the men, perhaps, had hard work not to do likewise; but men who dare such dangers have steel nerves, fortunately. On one occasion, just as they had almost abandoned hope, a party of Esquimaux brought them walrus meat.

After the second winter had passed it became evident that unless they could escape to the southern ice they must perish. Only seventy pounds of fuel remained, and there were just *thirteen potatoes in the barrel!* Two of the men had deserted and the Esquimaux could not always be depended upon, for although they were friendly, they were improvident and sometimes suffered famine themselves. Doctor Kane called the men together, a pathetically small crew now, for some had laid down the struggle forever, and asked them to make an estimate of the fuel and food on hand. It did not take long to do this. There was enough bread-dust and pemmican to eke out an existence for thirty-six days, and not enough fuel to last half that time. Then Doctor Kane told them that they must abandon the brig, and make for the southern ice. Escape *might* be possible, but to stay longer was certain death. Several of the men were sick, so they fitted up a deserted Esquimaux hut at

Anaotok, "the wind-loved spot," as a sort of hospital, and here the invalids were placed while the rest of the crew moved the sledges, boats and other necessities from the vessel. Then journeys back and forth to the sick men had to be made until they should be able to begin the perilous journey southward. The little wooden figure-head of the *Advance*, "the Augusta," was taken down for firewood, two of the boats were bound to the sledges, and on the 20th day of May in the year 1855 the *Advance* was left to her fate. Doctor Kane made a drawing of her lying like a ship of ice among the glaciers of the frozen sea, and wrote beneath the little picture when it was to be used as an illustration in his book: "The same ice is around her still!"

It was with sad hearts that the members of that little band of heroes left their refuge-hut at Anaotok at last, for some of the brave comrades were scarcely able to stand the long, dangerous journey that lay before them, and for all of them it meant great suffering.

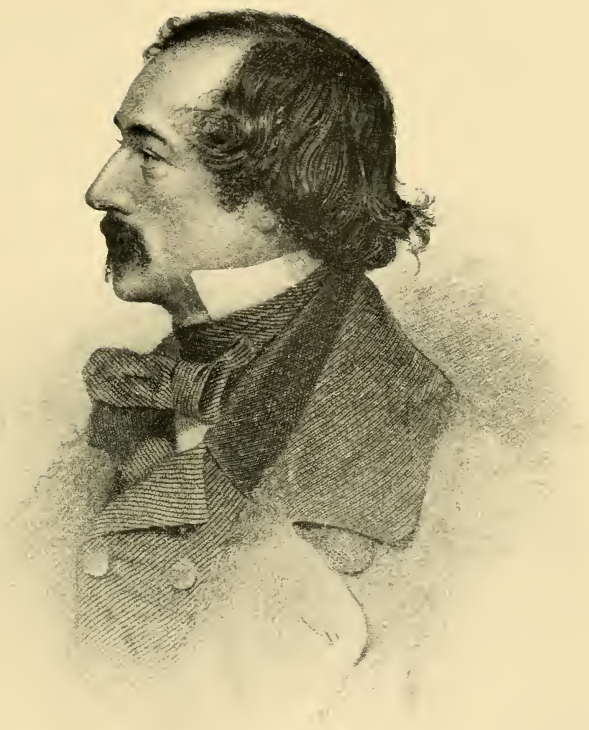
On the 20th of May the brig was abandoned in Rensselaer Bay, and not long after they started for the south with one chance in a hundred that the Danish settlements would ever be reached! The record of that perilous journey reads like a fascinat-

ing romance. In the history of exploration nothing more wonderful was ever accomplished. For eighty-four days they traveled by sleds and forced marches over the ice, and then, taking to their open boats, the *Faith* and the *Hope*, made the rest of the way by water. Thirteen hundred miles were covered by this handful of half-starved, scurvy-stricken, mutilated men—thirteen hundred miles in the open air of the arctic regions! Once they came upon a great quantity of little birds that saved them from starvation and the auks' eggs furnished nourishing food. When at last they reached Lievely, where the natives met them with demonstrations of delight, Doctor Kane rested for a little while, for although hope gave them new strength, both he and his men were almost worn out.

At Upernavik they received the greatest kindness from the Danish authorities, and were feasted and toasted by all of the most prominent citizens of the post. Here they learned that the United States Government was to send, or had already sent, a rescue party for them, and here they took passage on the Danish Brig *Marienne*, the Captain promising to drop them at the Shetland Islands on his return trip to Copenhagen.

While Kane and his men were leaving Upernavik the American bark *Release* and the steamer *Arctic*

under Captain Hartsten were entering these same regions in search of the exploring party. Kane's younger brother was one of the rescue crew, and his account of their efforts to communicate with the natives is an interesting bit of reading. A coin with the letter "K" scratched on it was the only trace of the missing crew of the *Advance*, but the natives repeated the words "Kayno," "Kayno," so often that the rescuers felt sure that the Doctor had been there recently. After much difficulty and gesticulating and making of signs, it was at last gleaned that the "Kaynos" had a few days earlier passed onward. This was a clew, so the Americans pushed onward in the direction indicated by the walrus-eating, walrus-clothed, dirty, but kindly natives. Shortly after, the *Marienne* sighted a vessel approaching. With eager eyes they watched and a great cry went up when presently they recognized the Stars and Stripes of America! As the *Release* drew alongside, a little man in a ragged, red flannel shirt advanced on the deck of the Danish vessel. "Is that Doctor Kane?" called a voice from the *Release*. "Yes," was the answer, and then a lusty cheer went up from both crews. The explorers were immediately taken aboard the rescue ships and now Kane and his men were really homeward bound. On the 11th of October, 1855, the rescued men



DR. ELISHA KANE.

landed in New York, and from that hour the civilized world recognized the young Philadelphia naval surgeon as one of its heroes.

His charts and maps were accepted by the geographers of England, for he had gone farther than any of his predecessors. Later explorers have found mistakes in his measurements and computations, and the great Polar sea that he thought he had seen still remains to this day undiscovered. But the route for the whale-fisher was found and, indirectly, the whale oil industry of America established and made practicable.

There is no longer a question about the old riddle of the Northwest Passage, but the ice has sealed that passage so securely that no fleet nor ship will ever cut its way through.

Doctor Kane did a great deal in several departments of science: Astronomy, Geology, Mineralogy, and Geography, and the price he paid was his life. Two years after his last arctic voyage he died in the city of Havana, Cuba, on the 16th of February, 1857.

Those of his nearest blood and kindred were with him when he died, and the last words that fell upon his earthly ears were the words of the Christ in whom he believed with the simple, childlike faith that so often marks great minds and hearts.

It is pleasant to think that he died believing that he had really seen the wonderful Polar sea; that he had not sacrificed so much vainly.

Perhaps in those last hours he saw again the long stretches of ice and snow, the sledges starting out for some of the crew who had gone in quest of game, or heard the crack of the long dog-whips, or the ominous sound of the grating icebergs that were closing in around the little brig. But the gentle voice of his mother reading the words of the New Testament would break the spell and bring him back to the present.

When his body was brought back to Philadelphia, at every station where there was a stop crowds gathered to show their respect and reverent affection for the memory of the man who had given his life in the cause of humanity. He was buried in Philadelphia beside "Little Willy," the brother in whose memory he had named the sledge he had fashioned in the land of eternal ice. In his brave life he had lived up to the motto of the "Ice Blink," which had been a sort of comfort to the lonely men who were imprisoned through that arctic night—"In tenebris servare fidem."

Elisha Kent Kane had his faults and made his mistakes, as most men do, but he was brave, generous, unselfish, strong in suffering, and deeply

religious. In his pain-racked body dwelt a mighty spirit, and his faith in the goodness of God through all seeming disaster made him rely upon that prayer that the Breton sailors make when they put out to sea: "Lord, have mercy upon us, for our barks are so frail and thy ocean so wide!" And when he embarked upon the last voyage, bound for a port far, far beyond the Arctic Pole, Elisha Kane, the gentleman, the hero, and the Christian, was not afraid!

MARGARET HAUGHERY

THERE are heroes who have never seen a battle-field, martyrs whose sufferings have been borne so silently that the world could give neither sympathy nor praise, saints whose deeds of unselfish love and charity are known only to the poor and afflicted.

Sometimes these heroes and heroines of everyday life are closer to us than we dream, and the heroism that does not proclaim itself, does not ask recognition, and, better still, does not recognize itself, is after all the truest and best heroism of all.

Down in the old half-French city of New Orleans, Louisiana—where the scent of magnolias and jessamines and roses fills the air during three-fourths of the year, where the golden fruit and snowy blossoms and green foliage of the orange groves make a gorgeous setting of color about the quaint, foreign-looking old town, and where the lilt of the nightingale, the wash of the Mississippi's waves, the chatter of French tongues, and the curious half-French, half-negro jargon of dark-eyed "octo-rooms" mingle strangely—there lived not many years ago a humble heroine whose name is to-day

perhaps more widely honored than any other in that city.

Somewhat more than a half century ago there came to the city of Baltimore two Irish immigrants, Margaret and William Gaffrey, who were full of hope for the future they were to make for themselves in this country across the seas. They were very poor, these young people, but they were industrious, and soon won a reputation for honest dealing and uprightness of character. In the course of time a little daughter came to the humble home of the Gaffreys, and this child was christened Margaret, after the mother. Soon after the birth of this child the yellow fever swept over Baltimore, leaving in its fatal track a great many bereaved parents and orphaned children. Among the latter was little Margaret Gaffrey, almost a baby, who was left entirely helpless and alone in a foreign country.

On the steamer which had brought the Gaffreys to America a few years before there had been among the passengers a lady from Wales, a Mrs. Richards, who had in some way become acquainted with the emigrant couple. In the changing and shifting scenes of her new life, Mrs. Richards had kept the Gaffreys in sight, and when the yellow scourge swept by, leaving her a widow and baby Margaret an orphan, she took the desolate child into her home

and brought her up under her special care and guidance. In the shelter of this home little Margaret grew to womanhood, and the naturally loving nature was developed into a character of high purpose and gentle strength, under the guiding hand of the good woman who had shared with her home and heart. While yet a young girl Margaret Gaffrey was married to a man by the name of Haughery, and these two, like her parents, began life with "full hearts and empty purses"; not a safe thing to do, certainly, unless there is health and strength and bravery enough to fill the purse, and for a time the young husband and wife prospered. Then the shadows began to darken Margaret's path. Charles Haughery's health began to fail, and then there came a baby daughter to love and to work for. In search of health the Haugherys moved from Baltimore to New Orleans, but the hoped-for change for the good did not come. Sea air was advised by the doctors, so the young husband said good-by to his wife and child and sailed for Ireland. That good-by was a final one, for Charles Haughery died soon after reaching the home of his birth, and Margaret was left to battle for herself and child alone. Then another loss—the hardest a woman is called upon to bear—came to the youthful widow—her child died. With this grief there came into her heart a resolu-

tion. From that day she would devote her life to the service of orphaned children. The brave, loving heart did not quail under her sorrow, did not for a moment lose its tenderness for those about her, nor did it lose its faith in God or the human creatures of His who were suffering and sinning around her.

But it was for the helpless little children she would toil and struggle—the little children who reminded her of that little child who had once lain in her arms. How was she to support herself and do this? That was the question. In New Orleans there was an institution for girls known as the Poydras Orphan Asylum, and Margaret entered the domestic service of this institution.

Early and late, at all sorts of work, from scrubbing to dairy-managing, she toiled, always cheerful in the thought that she was helping the children.

Sometimes she was sent out to collect food and money, and her plain, rough features, illumined by that inner light of unselfish love that never fails to lend a certain sort of beauty to homeliness, became before long familiar in the markets, the fruit stalls, the great stores and small shops all over the city—and she never came away empty-handed. One day she went to a large grocery establishment to ask aid for her beloved orphans. The merchant said, laughing, "I'll tell you what; we'll give you all you can

pile on a wheelbarrow if you will wheel it yourself to the asylum."

"I'll do it," said Margaret; and soon afterward the merchant, who had not expected to have his condition fulfilled, was surprised to see the faithful Margaret at the door with a wheelbarrow. A spark of true charity touched the young man's heart, and lifting his hat to the shabbily-dressed woman, he insisted on wheeling the barrow for her, a courtesy which she declined, saying she would trundle a wheelbarrow-load of edibles every day in the week if she could get that much for the children. Among the Sisters of Charity there was one who was specially beloved, Sister Regis, and it was she who became Margaret's best friend and adviser. When the new orphan asylum became necessary, it was the efforts of these two women that actually accomplished the building of it. For ten years they worked together, and at last freed the building from debt—a great undertaking for two women in those days.

For seventeen years Margaret Haughery lived in the asylum, managing the large dairy and doing any and every kind of work that she could to help the institution and the children. In 1852 she came to the conclusion that she had enough ability to open an independent dairy in the upper part of the city. In this undertaking she very soon showed financial

ability of an extraordinary kind. She drove her own milk cart from door to door, and everybody wanted to buy "Margaret's" milk. There was always a smile and a penny awaiting her wherever she went on her rounds. All her profits were devoted to her beloved work. It seemed indeed as if she had no personal wants, for as her business enlarged and her money-pile increased in size, she still wore the same shabby clothes, still denied herself the comforts she was now able to indulge in freely if she wished.

Eight years later, in 1860, she added a bakery to her business. Old Monsieur d'Aquin, the former proprietor, had become financially embarrassed. He had borrowed largely from Margaret, and at last she had to take the bakery into her own hands, to save herself and her debtor. Her economy, her integrity and the respect she commanded soon enabled her to make money out of this new branch of her business. As the milk cart or the bread cart, driven by a pleasant-faced woman, passed along the street, fashionably-gowned women, bankers, tradesmen, merchants, all smiled.

"There is Margaret," they would say.

"Margaret? Margaret who?" strangers would ask.

"Why, Margaret, the orphans' friend," was the invariable reply. People had forgotten any other

name but that of the "Orphans' friend." Every day her bank account was growing. Every day she was becoming a rich woman, and every day and every hour she was giving, giving, giving to the orphan boy or girl, Irish, Catholic, Protestant—all. She gave her work, her money, her love, lavishly, asking for nothing in return but to see the destitute and unhappy helped and comforted. As she grew rich, people would wonder that she did not change her manner of life, "smarten up," wear something better than the plain skirt and loose sacque which had become a familiar costume from one end of New Orleans to the other. One day a lady said to her, "Why don't you buy a fine dress, Margaret, and look like other people?"

"Ah, madam," said Margaret, "there's too much suffering in the world." And so she plodded on in the old way, happy in blessing rather than being blessed. When, from all sections of the country around, appeals were made to her for destitute children or the aged and infirm, she never asked what their race or creed. Her motto was: "God has been so good to me that I must be good to all." And she lived up to it.

When the war came on her business was somewhat diminished, but not her charities. It was during this period that a characteristic and somewhat

amusing incident occurred. The Fourth Louisiana Regiment had been captured at Shiloh, and had been brought to New Orleans and imprisoned at the police station, Algiers, which was across the river. The women of the city sent presents of food, clothing and dainties to the prisoners, and Margaret loaded a wagon with bread and crackers and sallied forth to the prison. Two stalwart negro men accompanied her, bearing enormous baskets filled with snowy loaves on their heads. Surprised at this apparition, the sentry at the gateway lowered his musket.

"Halt!" he commanded, but Margaret went forward placidly.

"What for?" she asked.

Again the sentry called, "Halt!"

Again she replied, "What for?"

Vexed and astonished, the sentry for the third time called "Halt!" and this time Margaret jumped to one side of the dangerous weapon, and, seizing the boy in blue by both shoulders, lifted him out of her way and quietly marched in, followed by the negroes, who were no doubt greatly delighted at their mistress' firmness. This was not a remarkable performance, as at that time she weighed about a hundred and eighty pounds.

When the overflow of the Mississippi caused inundations in the city, a frequent occurrence in former

times, then Margaret would go through the river flats in a boat, paddled by a negro, and from it dispense bread to the half-starving families in the submerged districts. No wonder that the poor called her "Saint Margaret."

A soldier, who lost his leg in one of the civil war fights, afterward owed his ability to support himself and family to this woman, for she gave him \$150 to buy a leg, then set him up in business as a newspaper dealer, and as long as she lived supplied his family with bread. This was one of the practical ways of living her motto.

The three largest homes for children in New Orleans resulted from Margaret Haughery's efforts almost entirely, while the Home for the Aged and Infirm is one of her benefactions. For forty-six years this woman toiled for others, and accumulated a fortune of \$600,000, all of which was expended upon the poor. Without education—scarcely able to write even—and with no capital except common-sense, integrity and an overwhelming desire to help her fellow beings, this ignorant Irish woman accomplished a great work, and her life is really a great lesson—the lesson that not only the rich can do good, but that the poor may, too, by loving and unselfish effort, help those who are poorer than themselves—the lesson that all can give love.

When sickness came to Margaret, who had none of her blood to smooth her pillow, the wealthiest and most fashionable ladies of aristocratic New Orleans were eager to minister to her wants and needs. When she had passed out from the world that she had made better, purer and happier because of her one humble life in it, on the 9th of February, 1882, the City Government, the New Orleans Merchants' Association, bankers, officers of the Cotton Exchange, the Produce Exchange and the Chamber of Commerce, gathered at the funeral, the services of which were conducted by the Archbishop of the diocese.

Thousands of people stood bareheaded in the streets as the pall-bearers passed, followed by the children of eleven orphan asylums, white and black, Protestant and Catholic. Fire companies, of one of which, "Mississippi No. 2," she was an honorary member, filed along in the immensely long procession that followed her to her last resting place. Sermons from the pulpits of almost all the churches were preached the next Sunday with Margaret's life as the text; and not long afterward the city erected a statue to her memory—the first statue in honor of a woman ever erected in the United States. This monument stands on Camp Street, in front of the asylum she and Sister Regis worked for so long. It

represents Margaret sitting in a rustic chair, clothed in the familiar skirt and sacque, a little shawl about her shoulders, and with a little child within the shelter of her generous, loving arms. The word "Margaret" is carved on the pedestal. The design is simple but effective. The strong, kindly, homely face looks down with the serenity of a well-spent life upon the children who crowd around the statue to spell the name cut in the white shaft, and to hear the story of the childless mother who gave her life to little motherless children.

Boys and girls, South, North, East and West, will do well to remember that it is just as heroic to live nobly for the good of others, in the quiet walks of life, as it is to die on the field of battle with the sound of drum and cry of victory in the dying ears, and that sometimes it may be a harder, braver thing to do.

It is a pleasant thought that in this great democratic country of ours the first statue to a woman was raised in honor of one who gave her work, her wealth, her life to the poor and helpless.

If our rich girls would sometimes remember the work of this woman who earned more than half a million, and who, though she had built asylums and showered benefactions all around her, had never worn a kid glove nor a silk gown, and remember her

words: "I cannot wear them; there is too much suffering in this world," perhaps the inspiration of a noble purpose in life might come with the memory.

Such a life makes all life higher, and therefore both honor and reverence are due to the name and memory of Margaret Haughey, the heroine of unselfishness.

DANIEL BOONE

THE summer sunshine was sending long shafts of yellow light across the heart of the Yadkin River and far into the depths of the forests that bordered its banks, as a little band of travelers halted in an open space along the northern shore one day toward the middle of the eighteenth century. The line of wagons and pack horses with their burdens of household goods proclaimed them at once a band of settlers, who had journeyed thither to make for themselves a new home in the Yadkin Valley of North Carolina. The travelers were weary, for they had come from Berks County, Pennsylvania, over many hundreds of miles.

But Squire Boone and his wife and children were sturdy folk who were used to confronting danger and discomfort, and before long smoke-wreaths from the hearth place of a new forest home were curling upward to the sky, while spade, ax, and such rude implements of toil as the settlers possessed were busily employed in "clearing a farm."

The forests around them were full of deer and wild turkeys, while deeper in the heart of the green

solitude panthers, bears and wolves still roamed at large.

"Daniel likes hunting better than work," said Farmer Boone one day, "so he can provide the table with meat," and so it fell out that young Daniel Boone, at that time a lad of about nineteen, began the life of a hunter—a life he was peculiarly fitted for by inborn capacity as well as inclination.

His skill as a marksman became a matter of wondering admiration among the settlers, among whom the use of a gun in those days was as much of a necessity as to know how to read and write is nowadays.

One morning he slung his powder horn over his shoulder, armed himself with his rifle and his knife, and started off. This was so customary a thing that the family took no thought about him until the shadows of night began to close in upon them. The stars came out and made sparkling dots of light on the dimpled breast of the silvered water; the hooting of the owls and the croaking of innumerable frogs in the marshes mingled dismally with the long-drawn sighs of wind that swept through the pines and hemlocks, as the Boone family gathered about the door to watch for the familiar figure of the young hunter. All night they watched vainly, and the next day the alarmed father set forth, with some of the neighbors,

in search of the lad. Towards evening, just as the searching party was growing discouraged, a light was observed. Following this faint glimmer and "halloaing" loudly as they advanced, they shortly afterwards came upon a rudely-fashioned hut made of mud, stones and pine boughs. In the center of the primitive abode a fire sent forth a cheerful blaze that lighted up the glowing avenues of the far-stretching forest, and before it sat Daniel Boone, calmly roasting a haunch of venison. Several skins of the victims of his trusty rifle lay spread out upon the ground, and the young hunter seemed happy and contented in the abode of bird and beast and that more dangerous two-footed enemy—the Indian.

This exploit was talked about at the schoolhouse, where Daniel was already a hero among the boys, who were eager to go "hunting with Dan" in season or out. It was during a hunting expedition known among hunters as a "fire hunt" that the young hunter was himself wounded, not by a gunshot, but by a little shaft from Cupid's dart. It happened in this way: Daniel and his comrade, as is the custom in a "fire hunt," started out one night to do what is called among frontier men "shining the eye." To do this one man goes ahead with an uplifted torch while his companion follows with a rifle cocked and primed. The glare of the pine torch

reveals the bright eyes of the deer that may be lurking in the undergrowth. Fascinated by the unusual light, the bewildered, dazed animals remain fixed as statues, and of course are an easy prey for the marksman. On this particular night Daniel was stealthily walking behind the torch bearer when he suddenly perceived two brilliant eyes watching from a clump of bushes. Raising his gun, he was about to fire, when something peculiar in the deer's eyes struck him. *The eyes were blue!* He lowered his fowling piece, and the startled creature disappeared in the darkness. "I'll follow that deer," said he, and he immediately gave chase. On, on went the deer, not toward the forest, but in the direction of a farmhouse! As he gained upon the deer the fence of farmer Bryan's "plantation" suddenly came into view. In a moment he realized that it was not a deer, but a girl, he had so nearly shot! Following the maiden, he knocked at the cabin door, to find Rebecca Bryan, flushed and breathless, and telling her story of escape to the family.

"Rebecca," said Mr. Bryan composedly, after Daniel explained matters, "this is our neighbor's son, Daniel Boone." And so they met—these two who were afterwards to join their lives and fates in a great and perilous undertaking, for bright-eyed Rebecca Bryan became the wife of the future pioneer.

It was not long after his marriage that young Boone met Finley, the noted hunter, who had pierced the wilds of Tennessee and Kentucky, and who had brought back thrilling stories of the buffalo herds, the wonderful subterranean caverns, the plains of verdant grass, the rich soil, the tall sycamores towering up a hundred feet skyward, and the game, great and small, that awaited the coming of the hunter. Finley told his tales of adventure sitting around the fireside of Daniel Boone's cabin, and the younger man's heart was filled with one mighty desire—the desire to go forth into the mysterious wilds of the western world beyond the mountains, beyond the reach of the new settlers who were pouring into North Carolina now from the more populous centers of civilization. It was the spirit of the silent forest that was calling him, and he must obey. He must shoulder his rifle and hunt the big game among grassy plains, the jungle-like cane brakes of “Kaintuc-kee—The Bloody Ground.” Unfolding his plans to Finley, the two men agreed to start westward as soon as the spring came; so, bidding good-by to Rebecca and the children, Daniel Boone and Finley set out upon their journey in the April of 1769.

This was the turning point in Boone's life, and with that journey began Kentucky's history. It must have been a hard thing for his wife to see her

husband start off for an unknown and distant destination with Finley and a few adventurous men, but she knew his courage and felt sure that he would do as he said, if God spared him—come back to her; so she kept back the tears and wore a brave face.

As Finley's party crossed the Cumberland Mountains and advanced into the country beyond, Daniel Boone was quick-witted enough to understand that while these great tracts of land belonged to none of the savage tribes exclusively, they must be the battle-grounds of the various clans of the different Indian natives who might wish to possess them. This thought made him fear danger of a surprise at every step, though there were no signs of Indians for some time. They had been traveling for some weeks, when one day Boone and a man by the name of Stewart started off together on an expedition, intending to go but a short distance from the rest of the party. The laurel trees were in bloom—

“Lines of river and hill
Made the heart of a wondrous picture,
Tinted at Spring's sweet will.”

As the hardy hunters stood drinking in the beauty about them, suddenly an arrow whizzed through the air, there was a war whoop in their ears, and they were the prisoners of a large band of Indians, who

marched them off in a direction opposite to that from which they had lately come. Knowing that any sort of resistance was probable death, Boone and Stewart resigned themselves with apparent cheerfulness. Any sort of sign of fear would have brought upon them the sentence of death by the torture at once, for the American Indians have an absolute contempt for cowardice. Boone knew this, and he was, besides, born with a calm, indomitable courage that soon made itself felt. For seven days the captives were marched onward, they knew not where. At last one night the captors, having as they supposed made their prisoners secure, fell asleep. Boone and Stewart who had pretended to sleep, waited until the deep breathing of the savages assured them that they were in a deep slumber, and then they signaled to each other that now they must make an effort to escape. Boone crept softly to Stewart's side and pointed to the fire-arms. Then each man grasped his gun and knife and stole out in the darkness. They knew they would be pursued as soon as their escape was discovered, so Boone and Stewart, who knew that recapture meant death by fire, made a great part of their escape through the water so as to leave no scent of trail behind them. When they at last reached the camp from which they had started the day of the capture,

they found it deserted; their companions had been killed or had gone away. Soon after this Squire Boone, Daniel's brother, followed Finley's party and, together with a companion, found his way to his brother's encampment. Stewart had meantime been shot in a skirmish with the Indians, and Daniel, as a matter of protection, slept each night in a different spot.

The two brothers were overjoyed to meet once more, but it was plain that horses and other necessities were needed to make a permanent settlement here. They talked the matter over and Daniel agreed to stay while Squire and his companion went back to fetch what was most needed.

No boy who has read the story of Robinson Crusoe can fail to appreciate what this was. As some biographer has remarked: Robinson Crusoe was stranded on a desert island by accident, but Daniel Boone remained by *choice* alone in the wilds of a region where no white man's foot had trod before, surrounded by savage beasts and more savage men—alone without salt, sugar or food except what he could provide with his gun—and seven hundred miles from the nearest white inhabitant! Even the dog followed Squire back. He was alone. That was the courage of a hunter, a hero, above all a pioneer!

Daniel Boone, the unlettered son of the forest, was opening the way to the civilization and settlement of the mighty West. The solitary hunter was unconsciously fulfilling a great mission. When Squire Boone came back he found his brother cheerful, contented, happy and unconscious that he was a hero.

After exploring the region, the brothers "blazed a route"—that is, they marked the trees, and then started to North Carolina for their families.

In the fall of 1773 the Boones, with their families and a band of eighty adventurous souls, set out, all bound for distant "Kain-tuc-kee." Hardships and perils beset the party. On the 10th of October they were attacked by Indians and six of the white men were killed, among whom was Daniel Boone's eldest son. Most of the party lost heart and returned to North Carolina. The Boones remained at Clinch River until June, 1774, when Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia, appointed Daniel Boone to act as a guide to a band of surveyors who were going to the falls of the Ohio. This journey was accomplished successfully, and in sixty-two days Boone marched eight hundred miles on foot.

Disturbances were now continually breaking out between the frontier men and the Northwest Indians, and Lord Dunmore, who appreciated Boone's

judgment, appointed him the commander of three frontier garrisons, giving him the commission of Captain.

When Boonesborough was attacked it was Daniel Boone who saved the garrison, and it was he who was the real hero at Vincennes when Governor Hamilton, the English general, surrendered there. Honored by all who knew him, Colonel Boone, as he was now called, had taken up a large tract of land which he had purchased from the Transylvania Company, but when Kentucky was made a State, in 1792, then trouble began about land titles. The result was that Virginia declared the old titles worthless, speculators came in, and Daniel Boone, the Pioneer of Kentucky, was made a beggar! He was an old man now, and disgusted with the injustice of the law he decided to go into the Spanish possessions of Louisiana. Here the Spanish officials treated the great hunter with ceremonious respect. He was made Commander of the St. Charles district in 1800 (July 11th), but when the United States government went into effect there in 1810 the eight thousand acres of land given him by Spain were revoked, and now this man who had given himself in the service of the country was made a pauper. Congress, after some bickering, agreed to let him have 850 acres of the original gift of the Spaniards, but Daniel

Boone felt that he had been treated with cruel injustice. His wife died in 1813 and the old man was very lonely.

About this time the newspapers told a story that was widely copied, the story of the famous Daniel Boone's body having been found dead with his rifle in his hand aiming at a deer. "I would not have believed that story if I had told it myself," remarked the old man. "My eyesight is too poor to hunt now."

Daniel Boone died of fever at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Calloway, in Charrette, Missouri, September 26th, 1820, aged eighty-five years. It is said the last words he uttered were: "Too crowded, too crowded, more elbow room!"

Whether these were his last words cannot now be vouched for, but some such may have been in the mind of this child of the forest, this son of the soil, as he passed into the limitless Beyond. He was buried beside the faithful wife of his youth and sharer of his toils in Missouri, but in 1845 the people of Kentucky petitioned to have the bones of her pioneer brought back to rest in the soil his patience and courage had given them. The family consented, and with great pomp and ceremony Daniel Boone and Rebecca his wife were laid to rest in the cemetery at Frankfort, September 15th, 1845.

Daniel Boone was simple, direct, bold, truthful, loyal—a friend to be loved, a foe to be feared. He was, in a childlike way, deeply religious in his nature, though he was never attached to any religious sect. Standing five feet ten inches in his stockings, his erect figure was supple and strong from constant use of his muscles and the physical development of an out-door life.

He hated the quibbles of the law, and could not bear the restraints of conventional life, but he was no misanthrope, and the injustice of our National Congress did not make him bitter or morose. He simply moved farther away from the haunts of men. In his homespun garments, with his knife, gun and powder horn, Daniel Boone stands out one of the most picturesque figures of our early times. Byron wrote a poem about him, Fenimore Cooper made him immortal in "Leather Stocking" and "The Pathfinder," and he is the hero hunter and Indian fighter to all succeeding generations of American boys, but his first claim to fame lies in the might of the great West whose gateway was opened by Daniel Boone, America's greatest pioneer!

KIT CARSON

IT WAS Christmas Eve, in the year 1809, that a lonely log cabin in Madison County, Kentucky, was the scene of unusual stir and excitement.

The doctor's horse stood at the door, and a motherly-looking neighbor from some settler's cabin was presiding over the cradle where a new-born baby lay, red and wrinkled and crying after the fashion of all babies of all time.

The children were hanging their stockings, maybe, by the big-throated chimney where an enormous fire of oak and hickory logs sent a cheerful glow over the room, glinting upon rifle, hunting knives, powder flasks, and deer antlers that hung on the rough walls instead of pictures, and lighting up the eager, expectant faces of the children, for it was Christmas Eve and Santa Claus had sent a present in advance—the new baby. And a very happy present every one considered it.

For the time all thought of danger from the ever-lurking Indian was forgotten, for even in the wild pioneer days the Christmas season was observed along the southern frontier.

As the night drew on the wailing of a wildcat or the cry of a wolf mingled with the wintry blast that swept through the great forest, but the children of settler Carson were used to such sounds, and, indeed, it seems natural and fitting that the little Christopher, who was to become, perhaps, the most famous trapper and hunter of the West, should have been born in just such surroundings. A year later Mr. Carson, who had heard a great deal about the abundant game farther west, undertook a journey thither, finally settling in Missouri, which was at that time called Upper Louisiana.

A few white people were scattered about in this unexplored wilderness, and these Mr. Carson persuaded to unite themselves into a settlement, in order that they might better protect themselves from the attacks of the Indians. Here little Kit Carson passed his early childhood. Here he learned to use his rifle so well that at the age of thirteen he was known for miles around as an unfailing marksman. Slight and fragile in physical make-up, the boy hunter possessed a great deal of endurance, courage and judgment. Although his voice was singularly soft and sweet, there was a note of indomitable strength in it that soon made itself felt by those who heard it. Mr. Carson wished Kit to be able under all vicissitudes to earn a living, so he apprenticed him

to a saddler; but making harness and saddles was not to the liking of this young man whom destiny had designed for a very different career. While Kit worked faithfully at his trade, his head was full of dreams of buffalo hunts and Indian fights and of wild adventures in the great country that lay toward the setting sun. Then one day a party of trappers came to the harnessmaker's home and the young apprentice offered his services to the leader, who agreed to take him with them. Santa Fé was the objective point of these fur traders, and the proposed journey lay over a thousand miles and would be long and full of peril, but Kit cared nothing for the danger. His long dream was to come true and he was happy. In the expedition he learned much that was of use to him afterwards.

Crossing the plains which lie between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains was a very different thing a hundred years ago from what it is to-day. And these traders bound for Santa Fé had adventures enough to fill a good many story books, if one were to write them down. They were in rags when at last they reached their journey's end, and they had had some fighting with several hostile tribes. Sometimes they had to live upon roots and the under bark of trees. Some of the party became delirious from their sufferings, and one man, a Mr. Schenck,

from Ohio, who had been wounded, met a terrible fate. Unable to move along with the perishing party of men, it was at last decided that he should be left behind. His comrades could do nothing for him. They had not a scrap of food to give him, nor could they supply him with a drop of water. They were themselves actually perishing for food and drink in the great American desert! Without a word they tottered along, leaving their wounded comrade to die alone. Perhaps if they could push on and find water and game they might return and save him. At any rate they must all die if help did not come very shortly in the form of food.

Such scenes must have made a strong impression on the almost womanly nature of young Kit Carson, but nothing could quench his love for hunting and adventure, or his love for the wild woods.

After reaching Santa Fé Kit decided not to return with the traders, but to push on farther still. It was during this solitary expedition that he met a mountaineer, by the name of Kin Cade, with whom he lived for a while. Cade was a man rich in woodlore, a splendid companion for young Carson to have had at this time of his life.

The old man and the boy took a great liking to each other, and as Kit could go out every morning and bring in enough food for a feast, there was no

talk of board between them. Kin Cade spoke Spanish well, and Kit, who was naturally something of a scholar, learned to speak it also. When the snow fell and the wind whistled through the ravines, Kit and Kin would roast their game before a roaring fire and talk Spanish together, or when the long, rainy days came they would make their clothes. Deerskins were deftly tanned for clothing, with ornamental fringes for coats and leggings and moccasins. While the tailors sat by the fire sewing, one of them was acquiring also a practical knowledge of the Spanish language and of geography, for Kin Cade had been a noted explorer and he used to draw maps and charts on the floor with his stick as he told stirring tales of the "great Rockies."

It was this ability to learn from those about him that helped to make Kit Carson a great man, for in his line he was pre-eminent, undoubtedly. After leaving Kin Cade, young Carson made a number of expeditions, acquiring very soon a wide reputation, among both Indians and the settlers, as a trapper and guide.

But in all of his exploits he was prudent. For instance, he never would sleep where the camp fire would shine on him, and he always used his saddle as a shield as well as a pillow when he slept, and he was never without adequate means of defense.

It was when near the Spanish Mission of San Rafael that Kit Carson became a popular hero for the first time. Some Indians had committed fearful and terrible cruelties on the defenseless Mission and had then taken refuge in a distant Indian village. If they went unpunished the white people would be in danger all the time, so the priests and inhabitants of the Mission appealed to the body of trappers, with whom Kit Carson was employed, for help. Eleven volunteers were selected for this expedition and Kit was entrusted with the command. Fragile as a girl, with the low, sweet voice of a woman, this choice of a leader seemed strange, but the trappers were keen-witted and they knew there was not so daring a soul among them as this gentle-mannered boy. They knew, too, that he had judgment, and the power of deciding instantly upon a course of action. The little band actually charged upon the Indian village, killed a large number and brought back the culprits as prisoners to the Mission. From this time on Kit Carson became a power. If the Indians stole the trappers' horses it was Kit who was sent to get them back; if any travelers brought tales of wrong done them by the red men, the boy hunter was entrusted to punish the wrongdoers; if there was, in short, any particularly dangerous thing to be done, it was the gentle-voiced Carson who had to take the matter

in hand. And it is a strange but beautiful fact to relate, that this young man, living this rude, adventurous life, was never known to take an oath upon his lips.

Might not what Tennyson said of one of his heroes of King Arthur's Round Table be applied to our boy hero of Kentucky: "He had the strength of ten men because his heart was pure."

Many of the Indian tribes were friendly with the whites, so it fell out that Kit Carson married an Indian maiden, with whom he lived very happily. She died in a few years, leaving a daughter, who was tenderly loved by her father. He afterwards married a beautiful and accomplished Mexican girl, Senora Josepha Jarimilla. From this marriage several children were born.

Carson had lived for sixteen years, as he said of himself, without looking upon the face of a white woman, and excepting on the rarest occasions eating only what his rifle provided in the way of food. A desire to see his old home came upon him, so, disposing of his furs, he set his face homeward. The scenes of his childhood were changed. Those whom he had known and loved were dead or had wandered into distant regions. He stopped for ten days in St. Louis, but the sights and sounds of the city wearied him. He longed for the freedom of his mountain

life, and engaged passage on the first steamboat going up the Missouri River. On board the vessel was a very striking-looking gentleman whose face attracted Carson. By some chance the two travelers were drawn into conversation. The older man was Lieutenant John C. Fremont, of the United States Corps of Topographical Engineers. He had been sent by the Government to explore and report upon the "country between the frontiers of Missouri and the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains, on the line of the Kansas and Great Platte rivers." Kit Carson listened to what Lieutenant Fremont said, and then retired to a secluded spot on the steamer and thought for a while. Then he rose and approached his new acquaintance and said: "Sir, I have been for some time in the mountains, and think I can guide you to any point there you may wish to reach."

Fremont was a good deal surprised at this offer from a stranger, but there was something in the voice, the manner, the whole attitude of Carson that inspired confidence. The offer was accepted, and Kit Carson was at once engaged to guide the Government party on its expedition to the Rocky Mountains. This was the beginning of our hero's services to the United States Government. The office of guide over thousands of miles of unbroken wilderness was a very grave responsibility, but no man in

America was better fitted to fill it than the soft voiced Kit Carson. This famous expedition began its march on the 10th of June, 1842. In September the party reached the Rocky Mountains, where astronomical and geological observations were made for the report for the Government. They had heard alarming rumors of the hostile intentions of the Indians, who naturally enough did not wish them there, but Fremont had fearlessly pursued his course and he had accomplished his end. Kit Carson's services as hunter and guide were no longer needed, but he had been the instrument by which a great work had been done. Some time afterwards he was again called upon by Fremont, whom he again guided. The war with Mexico was now about to break out, and it was here that Kit Carson, who, when General Kearney's force was surrounded by the Mexicans, near San Diego, and in a starving condition, offered to creep through the enemy's lines and get help from Commodore Stockton.

Ruin seemed inevitable. Carson broke the silence of the war council by offering his services. "I am willing to try," he said in his gentle voice, and then Kearney knew that there was a chance yet for the American soldiers, for Kit Carson had never failed to accomplish any daring enterprise, however dangerous, that he had undertaken.



KIT CARSON.

Young Beale of the Navy said: "I will go with him." And so those two heroes set out to work their way through the Mexican lines. Through the tall grass and the shade of the thickets they crawled by the lines of sentinels, and then, after a two days' march without food, they reached San Diego. Stockton sent a picked band of soldiers to Kearney's relief, and the American troops were not only saved, but enabled to defeat the Mexicans. Kit Carson was made a Lieutenant and afterwards received the commission of Brigadier General, the just reward of his important services to the Nation. He had carried despatches across the American Continent at the peril of his life at every step, and the administration at Washington acknowledged this moccasined, leather-clad hunter as a hero. Small of stature, gentle of voice, modest in conversation, Kit Carson was bold and courageous, quick-witted and of sound judgment.

A giant of a bully on one occasion tried to scare him by threatening him. He swaggered up to Carson and remarked: "These Americans are all cowards. I am going out into the brush to get some rods and I'll switch them every one."

Kit Carson looked up. "Captain Shuman," he said softly, "I am an American and one of the smallest and weakest of them all. We have no dis-

position to quarrel with any one. But this conduct can no longer be endured. If it is continued, I shall be under the necessity of shooting you."

It must be remembered that this was in a wild, savage country, half a century ago, which is the only excuse for such manners and customs.

The Goliath went off for his rifle. The David went for his. The two men rode toward each other. "Am I the person you are looking for?" asked Kit, as he approached the big fellow. "No," said the armed bully, who at the same instant aimed his gun. But Kit Carson was quick as a flash. With unerring aim he fired at Shuman's right wrist, which was shivered.

The gun fell from his broken arm, discharging its load in the air. From that day Captain Shuman fired no more guns and made no more threats.

But perhaps the greatest service of Kit Carson's useful life was that given alike to the Indians and the white men while he acted as Indian Agent for the Government. The Indians feared, respected and loved "Father Kit," as they called him, and his wisdom averted many troubles and much bloodshed.

This remarkable man died at Fort Lyon, Colorado, on the 23d of May, 1868. His death was the result of an injury from a fall while riding in the

mountains. His last words were to Assistant Surgeon Tilton, of the Army:

“ Doctor, compadre, adios,” he called out, and in a few moments had breathed his last.

So died Kit Carson, “ the Napoleon of the Wilderness,” one of Nature’s gentlemen, one of the World’s heroes.

SAMUEL HOUSTON

IN the village of Timber Ridge Church, Rockbridge County, Virginia, and within a few miles of the aristocratic little town of Lexington, was born Samuel Houston, the future president of the Republic of Texas, on the 2d of March, 1793.

Born of Scotch-Irish stock, he possessed the shrewdness and strength of the Scotch, together with the enthusiasm, the fiery eloquence, the dramatic intensity of the Irish race; and his magnificent physique, his slow but sure command of language, combined to produce in him one of the most picturesque figures of American history. The Houston family had at different times in the Lowlands of Scotland held places of provincial importance and was of sufficient rank to have a coat-of-arms.

John Houston, the founder of the family in America, emigrated to this country in 1689, the year of the siege of Londonderry, and among the signers of the loyal address to King William by the defenders of that city the name of James Houston may be found. This James Houston was a man

of considerable means in the city of Philadelphia, to which place he had led an emigrant colony from his native shores.

His grandson, Robert Houston, moved from Philadelphia to Virginia, establishing himself on an extensive tract of land in Rockbridge County. Robert Houston married a lady of Scottish parentage, and left his large Virginia estate to his son Samuel, who married a Miss Paxton, whose progenitors had, together with his own, emigrated from Ireland.

The Houston family belonged to that class of wealthy farmers of interior Virginia who lived in a sort of rough abundance, chiefly by their own labor, and formed a substantial American yeomanry, quite distinct from the gentry of the seaboard and the Cavalier farmers of the Eastern river valleys, where living was more luxurious, more refined and more like that of their English ancestors.

Samuel Houston served in General Daniel Morgan's brigade of riflemen during the Revolutionary War, receiving at its close the appointment of Major and Inspector General of the frontier troops. He died in 1806, while on a tour of duty in the Alleghany Mountains, leaving a widow and nine children.

Little Sam Houston, the subject of this sketch, was now a boy of thirteen, sturdy and strong for

his years, and giving promise of that tremendous physical and mental energy which he inherited from both parents and which were characteristic of him to the day of his death. After Major Houston's death Mrs. Houston decided to move her family to the new settlements in Tennessee, where, perhaps, she thought there would be a better opportunity to increase her worldly possessions. This was the pioneer age, it must be remembered, and the far-famed fertility of the Tennessee soil offered brilliant prospects to ambitious and energetic young farmers. Nothing daunted by the long journey before her, Elizabeth Paxton Houston, with her six sons and three daughters, set out for the distant bourne of Tennessee, which lay on the other side of the grim Alleghany Mountains. The band of Virginia emigrants settled in Blount County, about eight miles from the Tennessee River, which was at that time the boundary line between the Cherokee Indians and the white settlers. A cabin was built here and the Houston family lived the healthful but toilsome life of pioneers.

In this region there were few opportunities for education.

Little Sam Houston used to run from his work in the fields to take his place in the spelling class in the "Old Field School," where only the very sim-

plest rudiments of an education could be acquired. But he had an active mind and a very vivid imagination.

Crowded away in chest corners and pack saddles a few old books had made the long journey over the Alleghanies from Virginia along with pots and pans, and homespun clothes, and farming tools, and among them was a bethumbed copy of Pope's translation of the *Iliad*. This was little Sam's treasure, and night after night he would sit by the pine-knot fire and in the bright, red glare of its flames read over and over again the story of Troy and Ulysses. It was all very real to him—the heroes, the fights, the camp fires, the walls of Troy—as real perhaps as the lowering mountains, the dense woods, the fields of waving grain that he saw every day before him, for imagination is the most powerful magician in the world.

It may be that all these fancies helped to kindle in the boy the military ardor which was a distinguishing trait of the man.

He had not been long in Tennessee when his older brothers, who no doubt thought that regular discipline was better than so much reading of books, placed him as a clerk in a trader's store. The drudgery of this sort of life was not to be borne by the lad who had always lived a free, open-air exist-

ence, and who had, moreover, a natural taste for freedom and adventure. One day he was found missing from his place among the boxes and barrels. He had gone across the river and taken up his abode among the friendly Cherokees.

The Indians received him among them as a friend and brother. He adopted their dress, their manners and speech, and the repeated visits of his brothers could not prevail on him to return to the counter.

The Cherokees, it is said, were among the most civilized of the North American Indians. They lived in cabins, cultivated the fields, and had a written language of their own. But in spite of the fact that life was not so far removed from that of their pioneer neighbors, they were, after all, in nature and heart *savages*.

He found them congenial, however, and said that he would "rather measure deer tracks than measure tape," and that they might leave him in the woods, whenever any attempt was made to induce him to return to his home. He lived with the Indians until his eighteenth year, though he had from time to time visited the white settlements in order to get necessary supplies for himself and his forest friends.

At last, however, he found he was in debt to the

Cherokees for trinkets and ammunition which he had bought from them, so he decided to return to civilization and earn some money.

It seems a curious thing that the ignorant boy should have attempted to teach school, but that is just what he did, and he actually succeeded so well that he raised the price of tuition from six to eight dollars a year, "one-third payable in corn, one-third in cash, and one-third in variegated cotton goods." He paid his debts very soon, but how long he continued to improve the minds of the Blount County children history does not tell us. His efforts in educating others had taught him his own deficiencies in that line, so after giving up his little school young Houston attended the Maryville Academy, which completed his educational outfit as far as schools were concerned.

The war between the United States and Great Britain had broken out, and in 1813 a recruiting party visited Maryville. Sam Houston, who inherited his father's passion for military life, enlisted at once, replying to his friends' remonstrances that he would "rather honor the ranks than disgrace an appointment," and, he added, with quite a dramatic flourish, "You shall hear of me!" Mrs. Houston handed him his musket as he started off, saying:

"Go; and remember, too, that while the door of

my cabin is open to brave men, it is eternally shut to cowards."

Evidently Sam Houston had inherited his somewhat sensational, though entirely sincere, manner of speech from his mother.

Houston was made Sergeant on the same day that he put on a uniform and marched to join the Thirty-ninth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. While at Knoxville he received, through the application of his friends, the appointment of ensign from President Madison.

The Creek War was now on. The tribe had been aroused by the eloquence of Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, and they had determined to make a desperate fight for their lands and homes. On the 10th of August, 1813, they attacked the whites at Fort Mims, Alabama, and a frightful massacre followed.

General Jackson and General Coffee defeated them at Talladega and Taluschattee, but the spirit of revenge had not been broken and there were constant raids made upon outlying settlements, and all sorts of outrages were committed.

General Jackson and General Coffee soon decided upon an exterminating campaign and the volunteers were called out. Sam Houston's regiment joined the army and marched to To-ho-pe-ka, or Horse-

shoe Bend, where the Creeks had rallied for a last stand. Here, on a bend in the Tallapoosa River in Alabama, seven hundred warriors had collected to fight for what was really their just cause.

Jackson's army, numbering two thousand men, arrived here on the 27th of August, and one of the most desperate battles ever fought between a civilized and disciplined army and an untrained but dauntless savage race ensued. Desperation and barbaric valor could not prevail against civilized warfare.

Sam Houston, who was in the extreme right of his regiment, dashed forward in front of the line, as it charged upon the breastworks. With a leap and a scramble he gained the summit of the palisade, from which, just a moment before, Major Montgomery had fallen with a rifle ball in his brain. As he stood on the palisade a barbed point whizzed through the air and planted itself deep in his thigh. He sprang down and, at the head of the men who followed, drove the Indians back. Pausing for a moment, he called to the lieutenant to pull out the arrow. Twice the young officer tried to draw the weapon from the wound, but it was so deeply imbedded in the flesh that he could not. In an agony of pain the wounded man held his sword over the head of the officer and cried out, "Pull it out, pull

it out, or I'll kill you!" The uplifted sword added strength to the lieutenant's arm, and the next pull withdrew the arrow.

Houston made light of the wound, and, disobeying Jackson's command to retire to the rear, renewed the attack on the breastworks and began fighting again.

Shortly after, Jackson called for volunteers to storm a certain ravine, and Sam Houston dashed forward calling to the men: "Follow me, follow me," but without looking back to see if they were following. When within a few yards of the entrance to the ravine two bullets lodged in his shoulder, and the upper part of his right arm was shattered. He looked around as his musket fell to the ground. Not a man had followed him, and he was obliged to draw back out of the deadly range of the enemy's fire.

He received little attention, as his wounds were supposed to be fatal, but his magnificent constitution saved him. Nearly two months after the battle he reached his mother's cabin in Tennessee, so emaciated that she did not recognize him. The news of his daring had gone ahead of him. He had kept his promise—"You shall hear of me." For his gallantry at To-ho-pe-ka he was promoted Lieutenant in the regular army and was, after the war, ordered to report at New Orleans.

In 1817 he was appointed sub-agent of the Cherokees, at the request of General Jackson, who, from that day at To-ho-pe-ka was his lifelong friend, and Houston was instrumental in establishing a friendly feeling between his old comrades, the Cherokees, and the whites. His influence among them was powerful and effective always. While serving the country in this capacity he made enemies of those outlaws in the Indian country who were smuggling stores from Spanish Florida. These desperadoes in turn brought charges against him, from which he cleared himself before the President and Mr. Calhoun (between whom and himself there was always enmity), but his proud and sensitive spirit was wounded and he resigned from the army May 18th, 1818, after five years' service. After leaving the army he studied law, and, when admitted to the bar, settled in Lebanon, Tennessee, where his shrewdness, his eloquence, and his popular manners gained for him an excellent practice. Removing from Lebanon to Nashville, he continued in practice, and in 1821 was elected Major General of the Tennessee Militia, a political and honorary office, but adding nothing to his income, except in the way of influence and prestige.

In 1823, at thirty years of age, he was elected a representative to Congress from the Ninth district

of Tennessee, and served in Congress for four years, only occasionally taking part in the debates and always as a member of the Jackson ring of the Democratic party. These two men, Houston and Jackson, had a strong attachment for each other, Jackson's stern character dominating the enthusiastic temperament of the younger man, and both were on the Committee on Military Affairs. Henry Clay, then Speaker of the House, had offered a resolution for an inquiry into his political conduct, against which charges had been brought by George Kremer, a representative from Pennsylvania. Houston sent out an address to his constituents, the chief purpose of which was to strengthen the feeling among the people, which later on placed Jackson at the head of the nation at the next election by an overwhelming majority.

Whatever may have been Sam Houston's eccentricities, and however bombastic and theatrical his manner and diction may have been, when dealing with serious questions of state he knew how to be powerful and dignified, and he carried weight when he appealed to the legislative bodies of the Government or to the popular feelings of the people.

During his second term in Congress he fought with General White his first and only serious duel. This duel was fought on the 23d of September,

1826, at a dueling ground in Simpson County called Linkumpinch, just across the Tennessee line.

White was supposed to be mortally hurt (he afterward entirely recovered from his wound), and an indictment was brought against Houston, the Governor of Kentucky making a requisition upon the Governor of Tennessee for his surrender. The terms were not complied with, and, strange as it seems to us now in these days of enlightenment, Houston's popularity was increased by this duel. It shows, too, what strength of character he possessed, when it is remembered that he was from that day to the end of his life opposed to dueling, and that even among those who believed it a point of honor to accept fight in this way, he firmly and repeatedly declined to accept challenges. To political inferiors he would always say: "I never fight downhill." On one occasion he was charged with having been very abusive by a man, to whom he replied, "Why I thought you were my friend." "Why, so I was," said the aggrieved party, "but I don't propose to be abused by you or anybody else." With that peculiar humor he sometimes flashed out, Houston replied: "Well, I should like to know if a man can't abuse his friends, who the devil can he abuse?" The whole affair ended in a laugh.

In 1827 he was elected Governor of Tennessee by a

majority of 12,000 votes over Cannon and "Willie" Blount, the old "War Governor" as he was called. This election was probably due to the fact that he was the representative of the Andrew Jackson party.

There must have been an almost hypnotic influence in this man's power over men, for anybody else who dressed as he did would have been grotesque, not to say ridiculous. On the day of his election, August 2d, 1827, he appeared at the polls unannounced, and mounted on a magnificent dapple-gray horse. He wore a tall, bell-crowned beaver hat, a shining, black, patent-leather stock, or military cravat, incasing a standing collar; a ruffled shirt, black satin vest, shining black silk trousers gathered at the waistband and very full about the ankles; a gorgeous parti-colored Indian hunting shirt fastened in at the waist with a bead-embroidered, red silk sash, which was clasped by large silver buckles; embroidered silk stockings, and pumps, as the long shoes were then called, ornamented with brilliant silver shoe buckles.

In this very fantastic and absurd costume the new Governor made his theatrical entrée upon the State political office, yet in spite of all the sensationalism that no other man could have carried off, he made his power felt, and from start to finish his adminis-

tration was successful and satisfactory. Houston probably would have been reëlected to a second term had not the misfortune of his life now occurred. On the 16th of January, 1829, he married Eliza Allen, the daughter of his political friend. Three months later Mrs. Houston left her husband and returned to her father's house. The affair was until the lady's death a mystery. Houston sent in his resignation, and shortly after he again buried himself with his old friends, the Cherokees. With a chivalry that only a brave man ever shows he had simply said: "Eliza stands acquitted by me," and then like a wounded animal hid himself from the face of those who knew him. Oo-loo-tee-kah, or Jolly, the under chief of the Cherokees, who had received Houston as a boy into his tribe, now joyfully reclaimed his old friend, though he wisely advised him "to go back to the white people." The counsel was not accepted, and the former Governor of Tennessee adopted the habits, manners and dress of the Indians, and was formally received under the name of Co-lon-neh, or the Raven, as the son of Oo-loo-tee-kah.

On state occasions Houston, or Co-lon-neh, the Raven, appeared in the blanket, buckskin hunting shirt, leggings, moccasins and turkey feathers of the Indian brave and took part in the councils.

During this voluntary exile he was not forgotten. Reports were circulated that he was about to invade a province of Mexico at the head of an Indian army, with the intention of becoming the Emperor of Texas. General Jackson was so disturbed by these rumors that he wrote to him: "Indeed, my dear sir, I cannot believe you have any such chimerical and visionary scheme in view. Your pledge of honor to the country is a sufficient guarantee that you will never engage in any enterprise injurious to your country, or that would tarnish your fame."

In 1832 Houston was again in Washington, and it was at this time that he administered a caning to the Honorable William Stanberry, who had had him denounced in the papers.

The affair caused a great stir in Washington circles. Houston was arrested by the Sergeant-at-Arms and brought to the bar of the House. After a powerful defense made by Francis Scott Key and the prisoner himself, he was discharged from the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and although he was reprimanded, the fine of \$500 was remitted by President Jackson, who was "moved thereto by divers good and sufficient reasons." Nothing could prove more conclusively how society felt in those days about such matters. Houston had really behaved badly, not to say brutally, yet Jackson had remarked

that a few more such affairs would teach representatives "to keep civil tongues in their heads." One can easily imagine the dramatic way in which Houston on the occasion of his defense quoted the lines :

"I ask no sympathies, nor need ;
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted. They have torn me and I bleed."

The "sympathies" he did not "ask" or "need" were freely given by those who remembered his valor at Horseshoe Bend.

It scarcely speaks well for the code of the day when one reads that his attack upon Stanberry really made him more popular than ever.

Mrs. Houston having secured a divorce from her husband on the plea of abandonment, Houston contracted an Indian marriage with a half-breed woman by the name of Tyania Rodgers, the descendant of an English officer, and a woman of great physical beauty.

At this time he had fallen into dissipated habits, and would go on terrible debauches. The Cherokees contemptuously changed his name from Colon-neh, the Raven, to a word that meant "Big Drunk." But beneath this apparent weakness lay great strength, and from this low and degraded state he was soon to be called upon to play a noble part in

a noble strife, and to redeem his name and achieve a lasting fame in the pages of American history.

At this time Texas, which belonged to Mexico, was a vast area of unpopulated wilderness. In the 268,684 square miles of this territory there were only a few small towns in the interior—San Antonio, Nacogdoches, Goliad, and others dating from the period of Spanish colonization—and a few villages that had grown up around the missions of the Franciscan friars. There were also a few seaports like Galveston, Brazoria, Velasco and Copano. Colonies had been founded by grants from the Mexican government, given to contractors. Austin's, De Witt's, De Leon's and the Irish colony of McMullen and McGlorie were the most important of such settlements. Beyond the Sabine River and between the boundaries of the United States and Mexico was what was called the "Neutral Ground," which was really a refuge for criminals of both countries. Here, escaped murderers, thieves, and all sorts of outlaws found an asylum, and Williams in his "The War for Texas Independence" tells us that it was quite the custom for fraudulent debtors to chalk on the shutter the cabalistic letters "G. T. T." (Gone to Texas,) which was a defiant declaration that they were safe from the arm of the law. These "Neutral Grounds" were very injurious to the American col-

onies, which under the legal grants were established in the Mexican Province of Texas.

Stephen F. Austin, whom Houston called the "Father of Texas," was born in Austinville, Virginia, in 1793, and was a remarkable man. In 1820 his father, Moses Austin, set out for Texas and obtained from Governor Martinez of San Antonio authority to settle an American colony in Texas. He died, however, before his plan was carried out, but left the dying injunction to his son Stephen to consummate his project, which under great difficulties the son accomplished. In the meantime Mexico had revolted from Spain and the Emperor Iturbide sat upon the Mexican throne. This monarch renewed the grant to Austin, but another revolution headed by Santa Anna deposed Iturbide, so Austin had again to appeal for a third renewal from the Mexican Cortes. In 1823 he was at last able to establish the colony which was destined to play so considerable a part in history.

Austin's colonists were of a high type of mankind, and, under their leader's control, order, discipline and an archaic sort of honesty were established. People left their doors unfastened without fear of robbers, and there was scarcely any disorderly conduct. Major Hutter, the United States paymaster sent to settle the claims of Texas soldiers in 1840,

traveled the country, unescorted, with a half million dollars in gold in his ambulance, and was never molested, though his rank as well as his business was known, and his halting places were twenty miles apart usually, so lonely were the roads. Men did not give or take notes, verbal promises of payment being deemed sufficient. Such was the state of things in Austin's Colony before the war for Texas Independence.

Mexico finally grew jealous of the Americans within her provinces. By the Constitution of 1824 Mexico was made a republic, and the two provinces of Texas and Coahuila were united under the title of the "State of Coahuila and Texas."

The United States had proposed to purchase the territory of Texas, which still farther aroused Mexico's jealousy.

In 1830 there was another revolution in the Mexican Republic, and Bastamente, now in power, issued decrees forbidding farther immigration from the United States, the introduction of slaves, and establishing custom houses for the collection of imports upon trade. He also began sending a thousand soldiers, most of whom were criminals and convicts, to stations in the country, which was virtually making Texas a penal colony. All these things disturbed and angered the Americans greatly.

From this time the Americans began to oppose the infringement of their rights given them in their grant, and gradually the hostilities grew into a war with Mexico. Santa Anna was now heading another revolutionary movement, and Texas promised to support him in exchange for a restoration of the liberal Constitution of 1824, and it was hoped that Texas might enjoy the privilege of self-government as one of the States of the Mexican Republic.

In 1832 Sam Houston went to Texas with a commission from President Jackson to arrange treaties with the Comanche and other Indian tribes for the protection of American settlers on the border, but it is most likely that it was understood between the President and his emissary that the latter was to look into the state of affairs, and report as to the power of the people in case they should try to throw off the Mexican yoke.

Major Elias Rector,¹ a native of Virginia, but for many years a noted character in the Southwest, and known throughout that country as the "Fine Arkansas Gentleman," was a fellow traveler with Houston on his journey to Texas, and used to tell an interesting anecdote of his traveling companion. When they parted at a certain spot the Major handed Hous-

¹ Major Elias Rector was the cousin and friend of the author's father.

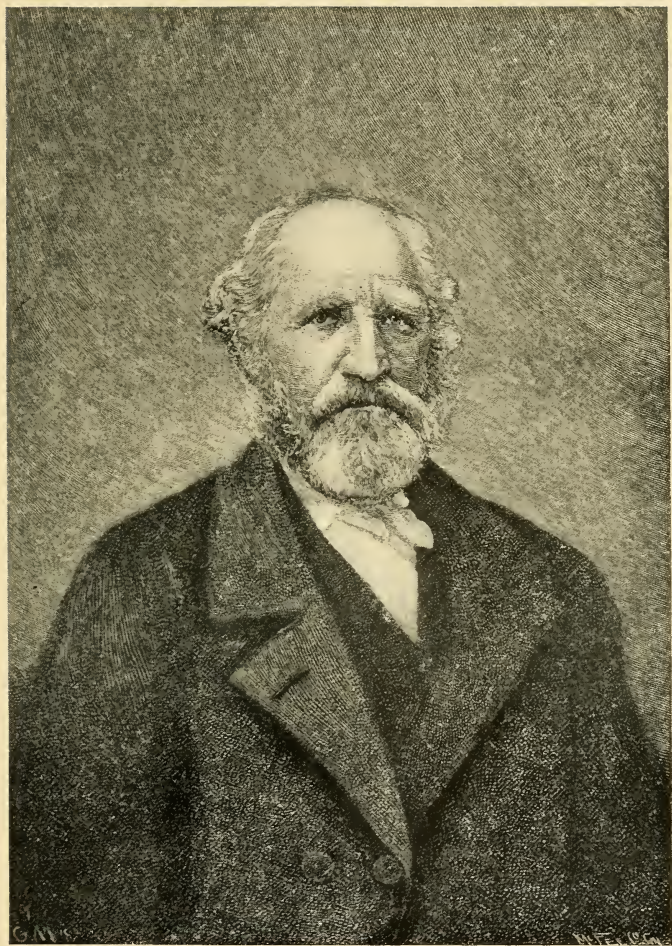
ton a razor as a sort of farewell token of regard. Houston accepted the gift and, turning towards his friend, said impressively, "Major Rector, good-by! God bless you. When next you see this razor it shall be shaving the President of a Republic."

How the prophecy was fulfilled may be found in the history of the War for Independence in Texas.

The action that directly brought about the revolution in Texas was the passage of the decree reducing the number of militia to one for every five hundred people, and ordering the rest of the inhabitants to give up their arms. Arms were necessary to the Texans at that time, not only as a means of existence, for they depended to a great extent upon their guns for their food, but also as a protection to their lives and their property.

Anarchy soon reigned in certain parts of the province. William B. Travis, who was to win deathless fame in his heroic death at the Alamo was, together with many other Virginians, South Carolinians, Georgians and Alabamians, eager to resist this arbitrary edict, and before long fighting had begun between the two factions.

Stephen Austin, who had been detained in Mexico by Santa Anna on one pretext and another for two years, finally returned to find affairs in a very bad condition.



SAMUEL HOUSTON.

At a meeting at San Augustine, October 5th, 1834, it was declared that Texas would no longer submit to the destruction of its rights and liberties by the Central Government of Mexico. A company of volunteers was raised and Sam Houston was elected Commander in Chief of the forces in Eastern Texas, and at once began to organize and forward volunteers. Austin, who had been elected Commander in Chief of the Western forces, begged Houston to become the sole head of the army, but this he refused to do.

It was decided, against Houston's advice, to make an attempt to capture San Antonio, the oldest as well as the most important Spanish settlement. San Antonio stood in the lovely valley of the head waters of the San Pedro Creek and the San Antonio River. Around it rolled the prairie, while groves of lofty pecan trees shaded the river that wound through the little city and the many springs that abounded in the neighborhood. Southward stretched for ten miles the stations of the stone churches of the Missions, each surrounded by a stone wall for a protection from the Indians.

Across the river from San Antonio stood the mission of the Alamo—which means the “Cottonwood tree,” the very name of which has become the symbol of Spanish treachery and American heroism.

General Austin intended attacking San Antonio at once, but before this was accomplished the contending forces had met at Concepcion, which resulted in the defeat of the Mexicans, who withdrew to San Antonio. Austin now settled down into a sort of blockade of the town. Houston was sent to San Felipe to organize a civil government, and Austin, who had been elected as a commissioner to solicit aid in the United States, resigned from the army, his place being filled by General Edward Burleson.

On the 3d of December Colonel Milam begged General Burleson to attack San Antonio. Stepping out in front of the General's tent he waved his hat and shouted to the disorganized men, "Who will go with old Ben Milam into San Antonio?"

An impetuous crowd echoed the cry, and at dawn the next morning the attacking force moved forward toward the Spanish town. The Mexicans finally retreated into the Alamo, and the next day General Cos sent a flag of truce to General Burleson, proposing terms of capitulation.

General Burleson went home December 15th, leaving Colonel Johnson to hold the Alamo.

Meantime, while the Texas soldiers were winning victories the consultation at San Felipe was also doing good work, and Houston in his Indian blanket and buckskin clothes was preparing a decree of

provincial independence under the Constitutional Government of Mexico. When somebody made a slighting remark about General Houston's style of costume, President Jackson replied: "Thank God there is one man, at least, in Texas, whom the Almighty had the making of, and not the tailor."

The United States failed to take any very deep interest in the troubles of her citizens in Mexico, and except in individual cases there was not much help given them. Complications and internal dissensions arose, and finally Houston virtually gave up command of the army, though he rendered the greatest services to the colonists by keeping the Indians in good order.

Austin had negotiated loans for the Texas army, and enough supplies were purchased to keep the soldiers together after a fashion.

While things were in a weakened and confused state in Texas, Santa Anna had consolidated his power in Mexico. He determined to attack the Texas garrison in the Alamo.

The Americans or Texans were taken by surprise February 22d, and now followed one of the most heroic deeds ever chronicled. The commander in the mission was Colonel William Barrett Travis, a young South Carolinian of twenty years of age. The second officer was Colonel James Bowie, the

inventor of the terrible Bowie knife, and among the garrison was the famous David Crockett.

Travis must have known that with his handful of men shut up in the Mission buildings of the Alamo he had almost no chance against Santa Anna's 1,400 veterans, for the Texans did not number two hundred.

There is an antique heroism, almost archaic in its simplicity, in the appeal the young commander sent out for help. It was addressed: "To the people of Texas and all Americans in the world."

"FELLOW CITIZENS AND COMPATRIOTS:

"I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continued bombardment for twenty-four hours, and have not lost a man. The enemy have demanded a surrender at discretion; otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword if the place is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon shot and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat.* Then I call on you in the name of liberty, of patriotism, of everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all despatch. . . . Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. Victory or death!

"W. BARRETT TRAVIS,

"Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding."

Colonel Fannin started on the 28th to relieve the beleaguered garrison, but his ammunition wagon

broke down and it was impossible to go on. March 3d Travis sent his last message for the help that never came.

On Sunday morning, March 6th, the Mexican bands struck up the air "Deguelo," "Cut-Throat," which meant "no quarter," and the final assault was made.

The Americans fought like heroes, but their little force was no match for the hordes who scaled the wall and carried the redoubt, forcing the Texans back into the convent and hospital.

The adobe wall gave way beneath the cannon shot and the Mexicans stormed the breach. The Americans fought from room to room and the last struggle was made in the church. In that sanctuary of the Prince of Peace was perpetrated a horrible butchery of helpless men. Crockett with his long rifle "Betsy" in his hand and his coonskin cap on his head fell at the entrance. Bowie and Travis were among the first to fall. Bowie was killed while lying disabled on a cot, firing his pistols to the last. The Americans had agreed to blow up the magazine rather than be butchered by the Mexicans, for they knew Santa Anna's barbarity, but just as Major Evans started to fire it he was shot down.

At nine o'clock the Alamo had fallen. Five persons who had hidden were brought out and shot,

although the Mexican officers begged for their lives. After the slaughter was over—and not one of the brave defenders was left alive—Santa Anna had the bodies piled together and burned.

The fall of the Alamo made a profound impression in the United States, and the spirit of vengeance began now to animate the Texans. Years after the tragic event a lofty granite shaft was erected in the Capitol building in Austin in memory of the heroes of the Alamo.

An eloquent line tells the story:

“Thermopylæ had its messenger of woe,—
The Alamo had none.”

The execution of the prisoners of Goliad on Palm Sunday, March 26th, inflamed the feeling to a full climax of hatred and fury, and it was the cry “Remember the Alamo; remember La Bahia!” that led the Americans to victory at the battle of San Jacinto which really established Texas as a Republic.

Sam Houston, Commander in Chief, and the hero of San Jacinto, was immediately elected President of the new Republic and Major Rector was reminded of the razor and prophecy. Santa Anna was now prisoner, and, notwithstanding the threats of the populace, President Houston was wise enough to treat him with consideration and finally release him,

as he did not wish to prolong hostile feeling with Mexico.

“Old San Jacinto,” as he was now called, was not for some time in favor of annexation. Several times the new Republic sought to unite herself with the United States, and several times the Union declined with thanks. Finally, however, it became a party issue, and on the 29th of December, 1845, Texas ceased to be a Republic and became the “Lone Star” State in the Union.

It was unselfish in Houston to oppose annexation, for personally it meant more honors for him. He had filled two terms as President, and by the Constitution could not hold that office again. Texas as a State would give him the best gifts in her power to bestow. With him, Texas was first. He loved the land he had saved from ruin. His second marriage with Miss Margaret Moffette Lea, of Alabama, had been the greatest blessing, for under the influence of his wife he gave up his dissipated habits, and in his old age a happy family of sons and daughters were gathered about him. When the Civil War broke out, Houston, who had been for several terms United State Senator and had been Governor of Texas, was entirely in favor of the Union being preserved.

In consequence he was deposed as Governor and overwhelmed with abuse by the secessionists. When

the State of Texas seceded he refused to take oath to the Confederate Government. This was a brave thing for a Southern man to do.

Houston, however, was strong to the last in his conviction that the Union should be preserved, although he, like all Southerners, felt it right to fight for the rights they believed to be theirs under the Constitution.

His son, Lieutenant Sam Houston, was one of the Confederate soldiers wounded and taken prisoner at Vicksburg July 4th, 1863. About three weeks later, July 26th, 1863, Sam Houston died, aged seventy years. His last words, before uttering the name of his wife, were, "Texas! Texas!"

A plain, white slab in Huntsville where he died marks the last resting place of one whose earthly life was full of turmoil and strife.

He was full of strong prejudices, and aroused strong antagonism, but with all his faults he possessed splendid virtues. His reverence for women was beautiful, and he always addressed them with the title "Lady"—which was no idle word on his lips. His first wife on her deathbed revealed the fact that she had told him soon after their marriage that her love was given to another man, and with his intense chivalry (and wounded pride perhaps) he had felt it his duty to leave her, unwilling to try

to force affection or duty. She was the mystery of his early life, about which venomous tongues whispered so much evil report of a noble and chivalrous gentleman. He was hated as much as he was loved, but he was unquestionably a patriot and a hero, and typified a romantic period of the nation's history.

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